THE COWBOYs COMMENTS BELOW IN ALL CAPS AS USUAL

- ***Viktor Grebennikov's Flying Platform* - Bio-Gravitics ...**
- ***Victor* S. *Grebennikov*: Insect Chitin Anti-Gravity & Cavity ...**

NATURAL PHENOMENA OF

BIOLOGICAL ANTIGRAVITATION ASSOCIATED WITH INVISIBILITY IN INSECTS
&
GREBENNIKOV'S CAVITY STRUCTURAL EFFECT

THIS IS ONE OF MANY PROOFS OF THE 2-D NATURE OF THE AETHER AND THE SPIRIT WORLD. THIS BACKS UP ALL OF MY YEARS OF WORK

FRANKLY, THIS IS NOT DIFFICULT, BUT FOLKS JUST CAN NOT DO SIMPLE. SO, WE TRY AGAIN

MATTER DOES NOT REALLY EXIST. SIMPLE BUT, HARD TO SWALLOW.

BY PROPORTION, IN ALL ATOMS THERE IS OVER TEN MILLION TIMES MORE SPACE THAN THERE IS IN THIS SOLAR SYSTEM BECAUSE THE SUB-ATOMIC PARTICLES ARE SO TINY.

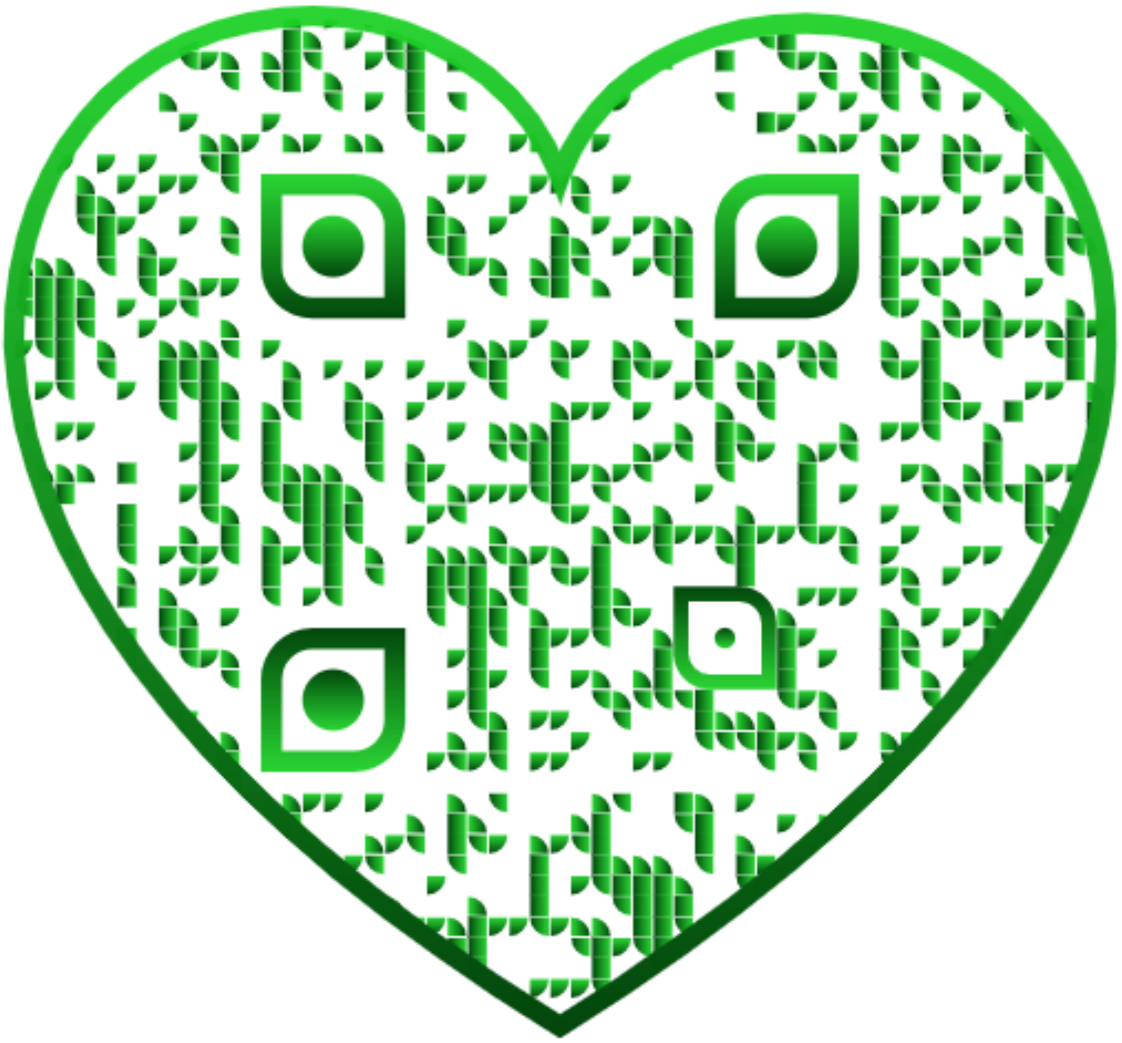
THE MEASUREMENT PROBLEM: SUB-ATOMIC PARTICLES IN THEIR NATURAL STATE, EXIST AS WAVE FORMS, WHICH COLLAPSES DURING THE MEASUREMENT / OBSERVATION PROCESS. COUPLE THAT WITH THIS: NO SUB-ATOMIC PARTICLES, NOT EVEN WHOLE ATOMS CAN BE MEASURED, MEANING THAT THE MASS AND LOCATION CAN NOT BE DERMINED AT THE SAME TIME, WHICH IS HOW MATTER IS DEFINED. THEREFORE, THERE ISNT ANY

> **YOU WILL LOVE THIS: AS THE WAVE FUNCTION COLLAPSES IT IS NOT DETECTABLE. THIS BECAUSE THE CONVERSION FROM THE WAVE TO THE PARTICLE IS DONE IN 2-D WHERE THERE IS NO TIME = A COWBOY OBSERVATION.**

THUS, WE HAVE THE BUILDING BLOCK OF OUR UNIVERSE CONSISTING OF MOSTLY SPACE PUNCTUATED BY TEENY TINY PARTICLES THAT ARE NOT SOLID THINGS. SO WHAT HOLDS IT TOGETHER?

ANSWER CONSCIOUSNESS IS THE ORGANIZING ENERGY GODs DREAM

THERE ARE TWO PRIMARY ENERGY STRUCTURES THAT ARE NECESSARY IN ORDER FOR CONSCIOUSNESS TO "CREATE"LITERALLY CONSTRUCT THINGS - THE AETHER(S) AND THE ANU.



THE AETHER IS A FACT AS PROVEN BY TWO RUSSIAN SCIENTISTS: GREBENNIKOV AND KOZYREV http://divinecosmos.com/index.php?option=com_content&task=view&id=95&Itemid=36 AND BY A NUMBER OF STRAIGHT FORWARD OBSERVATIONS AS SHOWN IN THE"NESTED AETHERS"ESSAY.

THE ANU IS A SIMPLE FACT BECAUSE YOU CAN TAKE A PICTURE OF THEM. THE HUMAN AURA IS AN ANU, EVERYTHING IS COMPOSED OF ANUs. ANU IS THE FIRST NAME OF GOD IN THE ANCIENT TEXTS, BECAUSE IT IS THE BUILDING BLOCK OF ALL THINGS. EVERYTHING IS BUILT UP WITH ANUs.

LOOK, OUR"MATTER"IS NOT REALLY SOLID, THEREFORE, THERE HAS TO BE AN ENERGY CONSTRUCT THAT HOLDS IT TOGETHER. THE ANU CONTAINS THE ORGANZING INFORMATION AND THE AETHERS PROVIDE AN ORGANIZING MEDIUM - A FIELD. THIS FIELD IS POPULATED BY ANUs. THIS IS THE HIGGS FIELD THAT PHYSICISTS TALK ABOUT AND THE ANU IS THE HIGGS BOSON THAT THEY ARE LOOKING FOR WITH THE LARGE HADRON COLLIDER AT CERN.

THE ANUs MIRRORED OFF WITHIN THE AETHERS DUE TO THE SAME RULE THAT CREATED THE AETHERS (I AM THAT I AM). A MIRROR WORKS ACROSS A GAP. THEREFORE EVERY OTHER CELL IN THE HONEYCOMB IS HOME TO AN ANU AND EVERY OTHER CELL IS EMPTY - A GAP. IN BUDDHISM THE BARDO.

SO, WE HAVE A UNIFORM FIELD CONSTRUCTED OF THE AETHERS AND ANUs, BOTH OF WHICH ARE TWO DIMENSIONAL.

WHEN THE BIG BANG STARTED, HOW MANY DIMENSIONS WHERE THERE? ANSWER: ZERO, NOT EVEN ONE. NOT ONE STRAIGHT LINE ALONG WHICH YOU CAN MEASURE, WHICH IS THE EXACT DEFINITION OF A DIMENSION.

EACH AETHER IS A HONEYCOMB, WHICH IS INFINITE IN TWO DIRECTIONS. THEREFORE, THE ENVIRONMENT OF THE ANU IS TWO DIMENSIONAL. ALL MIRROR IMAGES ARE 2-D.

3-D COMES ABOUT BECAUSE ANUs FORM TORROIDS IN THE AETHERS DUE TO THE RULE - ITS AN AUTOMATIC. TORROIDS CAUSE VIBRATIONS AND DAMPEN THEM ALSO. BUT, KNOW THIS - LIFE FORCE ENERGY IS 2-D AND FLOWS IN THE GAPS IN THE AETHERS.

GAPS = EMPTY CELLS IN THE HONYCOMB AETHERS. SPACE IS THE FIRST FROM OF GOD, THERE IS PURE SPACE OUT THERE, WITHIN THE AETHERS ONLY THE GAPS ARE TOTALLY CONNECTED TO GOD/SPACE.

PEOPLE - WE HAVE TO UNDERSTAND / TOGGLE TO THE FACT THAT THERE ARE A NUMBER OF AETHERS POPULATED BY ANUs THAT ARE THE BASIS OF OUR UNIVERSE.

AND SO, GETTING AN AETHER SHAPED DEVICE TO LEVITATE WITHIN SPACE IS NOT VERY DIFFICULT - ITS JUST SPACE LEVITATING WITHIN SPACE. SUPER CONDUCTORS LEVITATE FOR THIS VERY SAME REASON I.E. AETHER SHAPED CONSTRUCTS HARMONIZING WITH A NATURAL OCCURING AETHER, WHICH IS EXACTLY HOW BEES FLY DITTO GREBENNIKOVs FLYING PLATFORM BELOW.

AS FURTHER PROVEN BY:

Viktor S. Grebennikov died in the spring of 2001. The eternal memory of this uncommon scientist-naturalist will remain in our hearts.

Introduction by Juri N. Cherednichenko (Laboratory of biophysics Scientific Research Institute of General Pathology and Human Ecology SB Russian Ac. Med. Sci. Novosibirsk-city):

Viktor S. Grebennikov is the scientist-naturalist, professional entomologist, gifted painter and, on the whole, comprehensively well-educated specialist with a wide spectrum of interests. For many people and scientists in Russia he is well-known as discoverer of cavity structural effect (CSE). But is far from being all are acquainted with his other opening, also borrowed from among concealed secrets of alive Nature. In 1988 he found out antigravitational effects of chitinous covers some insects species. But the most astonishing attendant phenomenon associated with antigravity was a phenomenon overall either partial invisibility or deformed visual perception of the material object which was located in a zone of compensated gravitation. Based on this opening and by using bionics principles, the author designed and builded antigravitational platform, and also, practically, developed principles manned flight with the speed up to 25 km/min. Since 1991-92 years the device was used by the author as a means of fast movement.

THE ZONE OF COMPENSATED GRAVITY IS AN ANU. IT COMES INTO HARMONY WITH THE AMBIENT AETHER – IN THE AETHER THERE IS NO TIME – THUS, NO CYCLES PER SECOND, NO VIBRATORY WAVE FORMS – THUS, PARTIAL INVISABILITY. SIMPLE REALLY

It's well known wide spectrum of the natural phenomenology biogravitational effects, apparently, appropriate not only some species of insects. For example, it's numerous experimentally controlled cases of the material objects weight decrease under directed human psychokinetic influence, yogi's levitation in the states of deep transcendental Maharishi's meditation, mediums levitation or even disappearance in some rare spiritualistic communication sessions etc.

But would be by a mistake to think, that similar opportunities granted only to naturally gifted people.

WE ALL HAVE THESE ABILITIES.

On my belief it's general biological law which insufficiently investigated. As is known, in somnambulistic (sleep-walking) condition, weight of the man is considerably reduced. So, somnambulist, which have body weight up to 80 - 90 kg in normal, during the night travels can pass over thin wooden bar; to tread upon the man, laying in neighbour bed, which haven't feeling physical pressure (except for a fright). Some clinical cases of genuine epilepsy during small attack (petit mal) someone have result in short-term convertible personality transformation (which sometimes in the people named as possessed by evil spirit), when slender girl, exhausted by illness, or 10 years old boy get physical ability like trained athlete. Now this psychophysiological phenomenon was named multiple personality, since it considerably differs from classical variants epileptic syndrome. Such clinical cases are well known and are wide described in literature. However, the phenomena accompanying man's or material objects weight changing not always take a place in pathological conditions. The healthy people in conditions of acute emotional stress, connected with threat to life or dominant motivation of urgency achievement any vital purpose, are capable involuntarily to overcome obstacles, insuperable in a usual condition; to lift huge weights etc. Usually it try to explain by extreme mobilization muscular forces, though the exact calculation will not be correlated to the similar assumptions. Apparently, the biogravitational mechanisms are especially advanced in the sportsmen (high jumpers, weight-lifters, sprinters and long-distance runners). The productivity of their sports achievement in many respects (if not basically) is determined by psychological training, but not so much depend on physical status. If the correct scientific research problem of the human weight anomalies in various psychophysiological states was put and the equipment of dynamic monitoring of weight was created, we have received the quite objective information on this unusual phenomenon. The phenomena, short-term increase of weight of biological objects (including the men), which have been not connected with mass carry are known also.

THERE IS A TEXAS HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL COACH THAT HAS WON ALL OF HIS GAMES FOR YEARS – HE MAKES HIS TEAM SIT IN A PITCH BLACK HALLWAY FOR AN HOUR BEFORE GAMES IN THEIR FULL UNIFORM & HELMETS. OBVOIUSLY THEY MEDITATE AND BECOME CAPABLE OF DOING THINGS THAT THEY NORMALLY WOULD NOT BE ABLE TO DO – AS STATED ABOVE.

V.Grebennikov's book is written in highly artistic style and was illustrated by author himself. It content is peculiar "dactylogram" of spiritual wealth system, ecological ideology and author's entomological autobiography. Certainly, by many readers the book will be perceived, no more than popular general conclusion of 60-year's experience of specialist in the field of insects's world secrets, embellished by elements of a science fiction. But this is

deep mistake. Being well familiar with V.Grebennikov and his works not by hearsay (and we live no more than in 10 kms from each other), I can tell, that I did not see more scientific diligent and truthful researcher and talented, qualified experimenter.

Unfortunately, V.Grebennikov and his pioneer works are well-known advantageously in so-called Russian scientific "underground" environment. But the opening of such scale, on my deep belief, should not be buried in the manuscripts, only because a scientific pragmatism not for a while yet is at authority. So be it that this popular scientific book will be for this so called "scientists" "science fiction". At everyone his faith, but just one trouble if his faith is blind. But, having eyes, will see.

TYPICAL EVEN THOU THERE IS IRREFUTABLE PROOF THAT THE INSECTS **AND THUS MAN** CAN AND DO DEFY THE ACCEPTED LAWS OF PHYSICS

THE PHILOSOPHY IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE FACTS (SAME THAT HAPPENED TO JESUS).

OTHER SCIENTIST / INVENTORS THAT HAVE EXPERIENCED THIS SHUN BY THE AUTHORITIES ARE: TESLA, VIKTOR SCHAUBERGER, WILHELM REICH, TOWNSEND BROWN, HENRY MORAY, NATHAN STUBBLEFIELD, JOSEPH PAPP, JOHN BEDINI & TOM BEARDEN, MAX GERSON, AND A WHOLE HOST OF GROUND BREAKING OSERVERS.

Viktor Stepanovich Grebennikov --- naturalist and a professional entomologist. He is also an artist and an intellectual with a wide range of interests and pursuits. He is known to many as the discoverer of the Cavity Structures Effect (CSE). But very few people are familiar with his other discovery, the one that also borrows from Nature and its innermost secrets. He has discovered antigravitational effects of the chitin shell of certain insects back in 1988 but, the most impressive concomitant phenomenon he has discovered at the same time was that of complete or partial invisibility and/or of distorted perception of material objects entering the zone of compensated gravity. Based on this discovery, Victor Grebennikov used bionic principles to design and build an anti-gravitational platform for hovering flights at the speeds of up to 25 km/min. Since 1991-92 he has used this device for his own fast transportation.

ROUGHLY 900 MILES AN HOUR – SEEMS THAT IT COULD GO CONSIDERABLY FASTER ACTUALLY. THE REASON THAT I SAY THAT IT THIS: THE AETHERS ARE REALLY A COMMUNICATION SYSTEM FOR CONSCIOUSNESS – PIECES OF CONSCIOUSNESS LIKE GREBENNIKOV'S FLYING PLATFORM – THE ANU THAT SUPPORTS THE ENIRE FLYING PLATFORM CREATION CONTAINS ALL OF THE INFORMATION THAT CREATES THE PLATFORM AND ITS RIDER – THAT INFORMATION IS JUST MIRRORED WHERE EVER ONE WISHES WITHIN THE AETHERS – THEY ARE A COMMUNCATION SYSTEM.

TWO PHYSICISTS WON NOBEL PRIZES VIA DISCOVERING THE **UNIFORM** CONSTANT BACK GROUND RADIATION AND TEMPRATURE OF THE UNIVERSE, WHICH OCCURED VIA THOSE IDEAS BEING COMMUNICATED THROUGHOUT THE UNIVERSE VIA THE AEHTERS – SIMPLE.

THE AETHERS ARE PARTIALLY FOULED BY LOOSH (FEAR, GREED, ARROGANCE – SEPARATION ENERY) IN THIS AREA OF THE UNIVERSE –

ALMOST EVERY WHERE ELSE IS LOVE BASED – GOD WILLING THIS BEAUTIFUL PLANET FINDS ITS LOVE OF ALL THINGS.

I HAD TO LAUGH – HOW STUPID AM I? MY LITTLE BIRD HAS BEEN MENTIONING THE SPEED OF LIGHT TO ME. LIGHT IS FOUNDATIONAL TO THE ENTIRE SYSTEM. "LET THERE BE LIGHT" WELL IT DID NOT QUITE HAPPEN THAT WAY – THE ANU FORMED AUTOMATICALLY DUE TO THE RULE AS A RESULT OF GOD NOTICING THE PASSAGE OF TIME. THE ANU HAS A TIME COMPONENT – THE FACT IS IRREFUTABLE I.E. MEMORIES TRANSFERRED VIA ORGAN TRANSPLANTS IS ONE SOLID PROOF OF THAT.

NOW BACK TO THE SPEED OF LIGHT – IT DROPS OFF AT THE SQUARE OF THE DISTANCE. WHY? PROBABLY BECAUSE THE UNIVERSE IS A UNIFORM FIELD. DUH? BOY THIS IS NOT DIFFICULT.

SO, IS GREBENNIKOV'S FLYING PLATFORM LIMITED TO 900 MILES AND HOUR? WELL DO YOU THINK THAT UFOs COME HERE AT THE SPEED OF LIGHT? SO, MAYBE GREBENNIKOV'S DEVICE NEEDS A SUPER CHARGER – WITH THAT IN PLACE – "ONE BEST BECAREFUL WITH WHAT ONE WISHES" YOU WILL BE FINDING YOURSELF THERE. THAT'S THE WAY IT WORKS IN ASTRAL PROJECTION AND DREAMS.

GOD WANTS US TO HAVE EVERYTHING – WE ALREADY HAVE IT – IT COMES WITH THE TERRITORY – AN AUTOMATIC – YOU ARE HERE – SO YOU ARE CONNECTED TO GOD, AN INFINITE PART OF GOD, AND MADE OF GOD / LOVE. AND SO IS THE ROCK YOUR STANDING ON.

Bio-gravitational effects are a wide spectrum of natural phenomena, apparently not confined to just a few species of insects. There is much empirical data to support the possibility of a lowered weight or complete levitation of material objects as a result of directed psycho-physical human action (psychokinesis) e. g. levitation of yogi practicing transcendental meditation according to the Maharishi method. There are known cases of mediums levitating during spiritistic sessions. However, it would be a mistake to think that such abilities are only found in people who are gifted by nature. I am convinced that these abilities are an understudied biological regularity. As is known, human weight significantly drops in the state of somnambulistic automatism (sleepwalking). Average 80-90 kg sleepwalkers are able to tread on thin planks, or step on people sleeping next to them without causing the latter any physical discomfort other than fright during their nocturnal journeys. Some clinical cases of non-spasmodic epileptic fits often result in a short-term reversible transformation of personality (people in such state are commonly referred to as "possessed"), whereby a skinny, exhausted girl or a ten year old boy may acquire the physical prowess of a trained athlete. This psychological phenomenon is currently known as the multiple personality syndrome, because it significantly differs from the classical complex of epileptic symptoms. Such clinical cases are well known and well documented. However, phenomena accompanied by a change in the weight of humans or of material objects are not confined to functional pathologies of the organism. Healthy people in the state of acute psychological stress caused by a life threatening situation or an overpowering motivation to achieve a vitally important goal have the ability to spontaneously overcome obstacles insurmountable in their normal condition. People in such situations are able to lift enormous weights etc. These phenomena are commonly explained by an extreme mobilization of muscular strength,

but precise calculations do not agree with such hypotheses. Apparently, athletes (high jumpers, weightlifters, runners) have particularly developed bio-antigravitational mechanisms. Their athletic performance is mostly (if not wholly) determined not so much by the rigor of their training as by their psychological preparedness. If an accurate scientific task of studying the anomalies of the human weight in various psycho physiological states were ever set up and a technical means of dynamic weight monitoring created, we would then have objective data on this unusual phenomenon. There is also evidence of other phenomena of short-term mass increase in biological objects, including humans, that are not related to mass transfer.

CORAL CASTLE IN FLORIDA WHERE EDWARD LEEDSKALNIN SINGLE HANDEDLY LIFTED BLOCKS OF CORAL WEIGHING 30 TONS!! HIS METHODS ARE STILL UNEXPLAINED. HE CLAIMED TO HAVE EMPLOYED THE SECRETS OF THE EGYPTIANS.

V. S. Grebennikov's book has high literary merit and includes the author's own illustrations. It is a kind of a "fingerprint" for his system of spiritual values, his environmental outlook, and his entomological autobiography. Many readers are likely to perceive the book as nothing more than a popularized summary of the entomologist's 60 year experience of scientific observations, peppered with some elements of science fiction. But, such a conclusion would be deeply erroneous. As Viktor Stepanovich's friend and as someone with an intimate knowledge of his work (our homes are only 10 km apart), I can vouch that I have never met a more careful, conscientious, honest, and talented experimental scientist.

V. Grebennikov is also widely known in the so-called scientific underground, which is the branch of advanced Russian science constantly persecuted by the official scientific establishment. An establishment committee for combating of "pseudo science", created in Novosibirsk division of the Russian Academy, has victimized many talented members of our local scientific community. The situation is much the same at the Russian Agricultural Academy. It is very easy to lose one's job at a lab, even as its head, regardless of one's degree and title. One only needs to publish an article on, for example, the evolutionary significance of anti gravitational mechanisms in insects.

But, I am convinced that discoveries of such proportions must not be buried in manuscripts just because pragmatism still rules science. Let this book be nothing but "science fiction" for those at the top. Each person has his own beliefs but, he who has eyes shall see. Catastrophism in both, the evolution of living nature and in the nature of human knowledge, is actually a drastic destruction of old belief systems, a destruction that runs ahead of theoretical prognostications. A fanatical faith and worship of idols links our contemporary academic science with pagan religion. Yet, a harmonious development (in the sense of Pavel Florensky's pneumatosphere) would not be possible without breaking of the old stereotypes in the process of mastering the wisdom and experience of older generations.

Chapter V

FLIGHT

It is a quiet evening in the steppe. The red disk of the sun has already touched the faraway, misty horizon. It's too late to get back home. I've stayed too long here among my insects and I am getting ready to spend the night in the open. Thank goodness, I still have some water in the field bottle. I also have some mosquito repellent left and one really needs it here, with the hosts of gnats on the steep shores of this salty lake.

I am in the steppes of Kamyshlovo valley. The valley used to carry a mighty tributary of the Irtysh river, but the plowing of the steppes and the deforestation of the hills has turned the river into a deep, broad gully speckled by a string of salty lakes like this one.

The evening is quiet and calm tonight. Pods of ducks gleam over the evening lake and I can hear sandpipers in the distance. The high, pearly sky stretches over the soothing world of the steppe. Oh, how good it is to be out here, in the open country!

I am ready to settle for the night on the very edge of the steppe on the grassy glade above the gully. I've spread out my coat on the ground and set the backpack down as my pillow, collected few dry cakes of cow manure and lit them up before lying down. The romantic, unforgettable smell of bluish smoke is slowly spreading across the dozing plane. I lie down on my simple bed, stretch my tired legs and anticipate yet another wonderful night in the open country. The blue smoke will take me quietly into the land of fairy tales as the night's drowsiness is overcoming me quite fast. I shrink to a very small size of an ant, then I grow enormous, the size of the whole sky and I am about to fall asleep. But why is it that these "pre sleep transformations" of my bodily dimensions are somewhat unusual today, so strong? A new sensation has mixed in, a sensation of falling as though the high cliff above the gully has been snatched away from under me and I were falling into an unknown, terrible abyss!

Suddenly, I see flashes in front of my eyes and I open them but, the flashes would not disappear. They keep dancing on the pearly silver evening sky above and on the grass around me. I can feel a strong metallic taste in my mouth, as though I have pressed my tongue to the contact plates of a small electric battery. My ears have started ringing and I can distinctly hear the double beats of my own heart.

THE FLASHES PROBABLY COME FROM THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES, WHEREBY TORROIDS CLANG TOGETHER TO FORM MATTER. AS THE TORROIDS CLANG TOGETHER, VIBRATIONS ARE CREATED = LIGHT.

How can one sleep when such things are going on!

I sit up and try to drive away these unpleasant sensations but, nothing comes out of my efforts. The only result is that the flashes are no longer wide and blurred but, they became sharp and clear now, like sparks or perhaps small arcs and they make it difficult for me to look around. Now I remember. I had a very similar experience a few years ago in Lesochek [Little Grove], or to be more precise in the Enchanted Grove [the author is referring to localities of an entomological preserve in Omsk Region]. I have to get up and go for a walk around the lake shore. Does it feel like this everywhere around here? No. I feel a clear effect of "something" only right here, a meter from the edge of the cliff, while the effect clearly disappears ten meters further into the steppe. It gets a bit frightening. I am alone in the deserted countryside, by the "Enchanted Lake". I should pack up quickly and clear out but, my curiosity takes over me. What is this, really? Could it be that the smell of the salty lake water and the rotting slime would do this to me? I slid down the cliff side under the steppe and sit down by the edge of the water. The thick, sweetish smell of sapropel and the rotting remains of algae has enveloped me like the mud in a spa. I sit there for five, may be ten minutes with no unpleasant sensations. It would be much better to sleep here, only if it weren't so damp. I climb back up onto the plane of the steppe and the same old story repeats! My head begins to spin and I get that galvanic, sour taste in my mouth again and I feel as though my weight were constantly changing. I feel incredibly light at one moment and unbearably heavy the next and the same streaks of light flash in my eyes as before. If this were indeed a "bad spot", some nasty anomaly, then no grass would grow here and the large bees would not be nesting just below in the loamy edge of the cliff. Yet, their nests are all over the place and in fact, I had made my bed right above their underground "bee cities", with their multitude of tunnels and chambers whose depths harbor so many larvae and cocoons, all of them alive and thriving. Albeit, I understood nothing at this time and I got up from my unpleasant bed with a headache long before the sunrise and hobbled off, all tired, toward the road to catch a hitch to Isilkul.

I have visited the "Enchanted Lake" four more times that summer at various times of the day and under various weather conditions. My bees got incredibly busy toward the end of the summer stuffing their holes with pollen of the wild flowers and apparently feeling excellent.

That was not my case though, while standing about a meter off the cliff edge above their nests. The set of the most unpleasant sensations would again settle in me, right here, while there would be none some five meters away and I feel the same old bewilderment: Why? Why do these bees feel so good here, feel so great that the entire cliff is drilled with their holes like a Swiss cheese and in places looking almost like a sponge?

The solution to this has come to me many years later, when the bee city in Kamyshlovo Valley has long since disappeared. The tillage reached the very edge of the cliff. Its top has consequently dropped off and what used to be a hard earthen bank with its bee nests and grassy top has turned into an atrocious and ugly, muddy slide.

But I had a handful of old clay lumps, the fragments of the nests with their multiple chamber cells, back at my home. Their side by side cells reminded me of small thimbles, or little jugs with narrowing necks. I already knew that these bees were of the quadruple ring species, with 4 light rings on their elongated bellies. I had a wide container filled with these spongy clay lumps on my equipment cluttered desk, along with ant and grasshopper houses, bottles with chemicals and other assorted interesting stuff. I was about to pick something or another up and I moved my hand above these porous fragments.

A miracle! I had suddenly felt the warmth emanating from these remains. I've touched the lumps with my bare hand yet, they were cold. But, I could clearly feel the thermal sensation right above them. I could also feel some hitherto unknown jerks, some sort of "tick" in my fingers, besides the warmth. When I pushed the jar with the nests to the end of the desk and leaned over it, I had felt the same sensation in my head, the feeling, which has overwhelmed me by the lake. I felt again as if I were getting lighter and bigger, with the vertigo of my body falling down. I saw the same rapid flashes of light in my eyes and my mouth had the electric battery in it again. I have also become a bit nauseous...

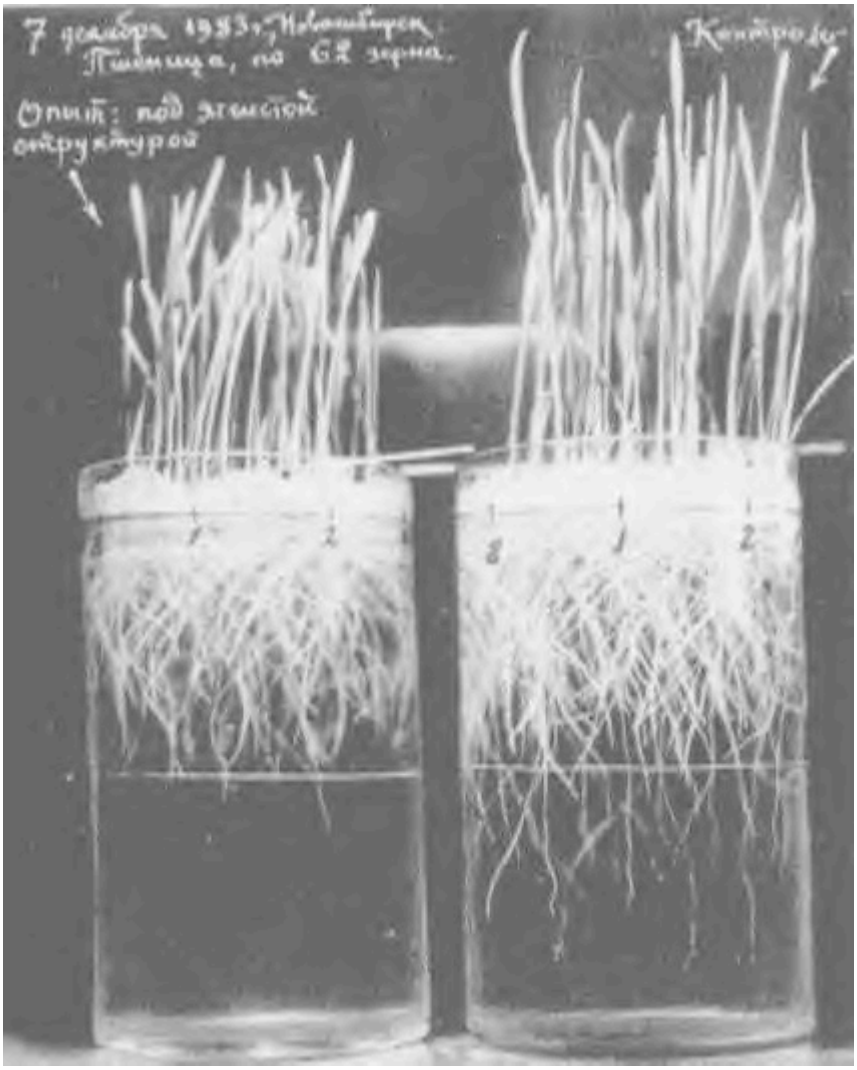
I placed a sheet of cardboard over the jar, but the sensation wouldn't change. A have covered the jar with metallic pot lid but, it changed nothing either. It looked as if "something" was acting right through it. I was compelled to study the phenomenon at once but, what could I do at home, without any necessary physical instruments? The help came from many research scientists of various institutes of the Agricultural Academy in Novosibirsk. But alas, the instruments like thermometers, ultrasound detectors, magnetometers and electrometers did not respond to the nests in the slightest. We have conducted a precise chemical analysis of the clay and found nothing special. The radiometer was also silent, yet the ordinary human hands, and not only mine, would distinctly feel either warmth or cold, or a tingle, or sometimes a thicker, stickier environment. Some people's hands felt heavier, others felt lighter as if pushed up. Some people's fingers and arm muscles got numb, some felt giddy and developed profuse salivation. I could observe a similar phenomenon in a bunch of paper tubes inhabited by leaf cutting bees. Each tunnel had a solid row of multi-layered "cans" made from torn leaves, covered with concave lids (also made from leaves). These cans contained silk, oval cocoons with larvae and chrysalides. I asked unsuspecting people who knew nothing of my discovery to hold their hands or faces over the leaf cutter nests and have made a detailed record of their replies in this experiment. Its results may be found in my article "On the physical and biological properties of pollinator bee nests" published in the Siberian Bulletin of Agricultural Science, no.3, 1984. The same article contains the formula of my discovery, a brief physical description of this wonderful phenomenon.

THE ENERGY FIELD IS AN AETHER – THE SENSATIONS EXPERIENCED ARE A FUNCTION OF THE INDIVIDUALS LIFE FORCE ENERGY – THIS IS THE ENERGY CAPTURED IN HONEY, WHICH LASTS FOREVER – AS DOES THE AETHER.

I have created a few dozen artificial honeycombs from plastic, paper, metal and wood, based on the structures of bee nests. It turned out that the cause of all those unusual sensations was not a biological field, but the size, shape, quantity and arrangement of cavities formed by and in any solid object.

WORKING IN HARMONY WITH AN AMBIENT AETHER. ARTIFICIAL HONEYCOMBS OF THE WRONG SIZE DO NOT WORK.

And as before, the organism felt it, while the instruments remained silent. I called the discovery the Cavity Structures Effect (CSE) and I have carried on with my experiments. Nature has continued to reveal to me its innermost secrets one after another. It has turned out that the CSE zone inhibits the growth of saprophytic soil bacteria, inhibits the growth of yeast and other similar cultures as well as it inhibits wheat grain germination. The behavior of microscopic agile chlamydospores also changes in this effective zone. Leaf cutting bee larvae begin to phosphoresce, while adult bees are much more active in this field and finish pollination two weeks earlier than they would otherwise. It has turned out that this CSE, same as gravitation, can't be shielded. THE 2-D AETHER(S) ARE EVERYWHERE. SIMPLE



It affects living organisms through walls, thick metal and any other screens. It has turned out that if a porous object were moved, a person would not feel the change in CSE location immediately but, a few seconds or minutes later. While the old location would retain a "trace", or as I called it a "phantom" of the CSE field perceivable by the hand for hours and sometimes for months thereafter. It has turned out that the CSE field did not decrease evenly

with distance but, surrounded the honeycomb with a system of invisible, yet sometimes clearly perceivable "shells". It has turned out that animals (white mice) and humans entering the zone of the CSE field (even a very strong one) would soon adapt to it. It couldn't be otherwise. We are surrounded everywhere by cavities, large and small, surrounded by grids and cells of living and dead plants (as well as our own cells). We are surrounded by bubbles of foam rubber, foam plastic, foam concrete, rooms, corridors, halls, roofing, spaces between machine parts, trees, furniture and buildings. It has turned out that the CSE "ray" had a stronger impact on living organisms when it was directed away from the sun and also downwards, facing the Earth center.

OBVIOUSLY THE AETHER – THIS FITS WITH THE PHANTOM DNA AFFECT THAT ORGANIZES PHOTONS IN A VACUUM. SAID ORGAINZATION DEMONSTRATES THAT THE HONEYCOMB IS PRESENT EVERYWHERE, BECAUSE THE PHOTONS ARRANGE THEMSELVES AS IF THEY ARE IN AN INVISIBLE HONEYCOMB (AN AETHER) – DNA CAUSES THE PHOTONS TO ORGANIZE – AN AFFECT THAT REMAINS WHEN THE DNA IS REMOVED – BECAUSE THE AETHER IS STILL THERE.

IN THIS CASE THE HONEYCOMB AFFECTS THE DNA, WHICH MEANS THAT THE ENERGY PRODUCED BY THE HONEYCOMB IS BENEFICIAL TO THE DNA, WHICH MEANS THAT ANY **GOOD** 2-D ENERGY WOULD BE BENEFICIAL TO THE DNA – BECAUSE THIS IS THE ENERGY THAT FLOWS THEREIN – THE CHINESE CALL IT CHI ENERGY. ACTUALLY IT IS LIGHT / PHOTONS – THAT THEY CALL BIONS – THAT ARE ANUs.

THE PHOTONS THAT FLOW IN THE SUPER CONDUCTORS ARE ALSO ANUs.

THIS IS THE ENERGY THAT ANIMATES LIFE. THE FACT IS IRREFUTABLE FOR SO MANY REASONS. ANUs ARE THE "ORIGIN OF LIFE" SEE MY ESSAY.

THE REASON THAT THE CSE WORKS BETTER POINTED AT THE EARTH AND OUT OF SUN LIGHT IS BECAUSE THE SUN LIGHT IS A 3-D ENERGY AND THE AETHER AROUND THE PLANET IS FOULED WITH LOOSH (SEPARATION ENERGY / FEAR / GREED ETC.).

It has turned out that clocks, both mechanical and electronic, run inaccurately when placed in a strong CSE field. The CSE seems to have an effect on time too. BECAUSE THERE IS NO TIME IN 2-D All this is a manifestation of the will of the matter (SPIRIT), constantly moving and transforming and existing eternally. It has turned out that the French physicist Louis de Broglie was awarded the Nobel Prize for his discovery of these waves back in the 20s and that the latter were used in electronic microscopes. My research has gone well. Many other things transpired from my experiments and study, but they would lead us into solid-state physics, quantum mechanics, elementary particle physics and generally very far away from the main characters of our narrative, the insects.

I have managed to devise instruments for an objective registration of the CSE, which react accurately to the proximity of insect nests during all this time. Here they are in the drawings. They are the sealed vessels with straws and burnt twigs and drawing charcoals suspended on spider web threads in them, with some water on the bottom countering the effects of static electricity, which hinders such experiments in dry air. If you point an old wasp nest, a bee honeycomb or a bunch of cereal ears at the upper end of the indicator, it turns slowly a few dozen degrees around. This is no miracle. The energy of scintillating electrons of both multi-cavity bodies creates a total wave system in space, THE AETHER IS ALWAYS THERE, whereby this wave is energy capable of causing the mutual repulsion of these objects even through such obstacles as a the thick walled steel capsule in the photo. It is hard to imagine that the armor of this capsule isn't capable to stop waves from a tiny, light wasp nest seen in the picture and that the indicator inside this heavy, solid capsule turns away from this long vacant nest, sometimes as much as 180 degrees. Yet it is so. Those who have doubts are welcome to visit the Agroecology Museum near Novosibirsk and see it all for themselves.

The same museum displays an always **active honeycomb painkiller [Link to Grebennikov's Russian Patent # 2061509 --- PDF format, requires Adobe Reader]**. It consists of a chair with an overhead cap, which contains a few empty but, intact honeybee combs ("dry" honeycombs, in the beekeeper's vocabulary). Anyone who sits in this chair will almost certainly feel something (please write to me what exactly you feel, I'll be grateful) after a few minutes, while those with a headache will say good bye to the pain shortly, at least for a few hours. My painkillers are successfully used in many parts of the country now, because I have made no secret from my discovery.

SOUNDS LIKE ORGONE ENERGY, WHICH IS ALSO 2-D AS IS THE ENERGY THAT ANIMATES DNA.

Your hand will clearly sense the CSE emanation, if you place it from below and palm up against the cap with bee honeycombs. The cap could be made from cardboard or veneer, or better still from tin plate with tightly sealed seams. This is painkiller is yet another gift from the world of insects. My reasoning behind this invention was that people have been dealing with the honeybees for thousands of years and no one has ever complained about anything unpleasant related to them except, of course, for their stings. I've tried to hold a dry

honeycomb over my head and it worked! I have decided to use a set of six frames. This is the story of my rather simple discovery.

An old wasp nest works quite differently, even though the size and shape of its cells is very close to those of the honey bees. The important difference between the two is that the wasp honeycomb material, unlike that of honey bee wax, is more crumbly and micro porous. It is paper like. (By the way, it's wasps, who invented paper, rather than people. Wasps scrape old wood fiber, mix it with their sticky saliva and let it dry out.) Walls of the wasp honeycomb are much thinner than those of bees and their cell size and pattern is also different. The nest itself is like a multi-layered, loosely wrapped paper outer shell. I've had reports of highly unpleasant effects of a few wasp nests in an attic. NEGATIVE ORGONE ENERGY Besides that, most multiple cell devices and objects with a manifested CSE field have a far from beneficial effect on humans in the first few minutes. Honey bee combs are a rare exception. IT IS A BENEFICIAL INSECT

I have often observed the bumblebees living in our Isilkul flat in the 1960s. A young bumble bee did not take the trouble to remember the entrance to the hive and it would spend hours wandering around the windows of our house and of a similar looking house nearby on its first trip out of the hive. It would give up on its poor visual memory in the evening and it would land on the brick wall precisely outside the hive and it would try to break right through the wall. Now, how did the insect know that its home nest was right there, four meters away from the entrance to the attic and a meter and a half below, behind the thick, half meter wall? I was lost at the time in conjectures but now I know exactly why the bumble bee behaved in that manner. It is an amazing find, wouldn't you agree? Now let us remember the experiment in which hunter wasps returned not only to a given location but, even to an entirely different location to where the lump of soil with their nest had been moved. I do not doubt that they were able to find it because of the wave emitter created by their nest cavities. IT IS NOT WAVES – IT IS A 2-D ENERGY – NO FREQUENCY.

There was yet another mystery to be revealed to me by my insect friends. It has turned out that flowers also use similar powerful and unstoppable wave emitter besides their color, odor and nectar in order to attract their pollinators. I have discovered it with a drawing charcoal, a burnt twig by passing it over large, bell shaped flowers (tulips, lilies, amaryllises, mallows or pumpkins). I could feel "braking" of this detector already at quite a distance from the flower. I have learned to find a flower in a dark room standing one or two meters away from it with this detector but, only if it had not been moved. If it were moved, i would detect a "false target", the "ghost" field left in its old location, the residual "phantom" I have already mentioned. I do not possess any super sensory abilities, and any person would be able to do the same after some training. One could use a 10 cm long piece of a yellow sorghum stem

instead of a charcoal rod, or a short pencil whose rear end should be facing the flower. Some people would be able to feel the flower (a "warm", "cold", or "shivering" sensation emanating from it) with their bare hands, tongues, or even faces. As many experiments demonstrated, children and adolescents are particularly sensitive to these waves of matter.

SUCH BENEFICIAL STRUCTURES ARE IN HARMONY WITH AN AMBIENT / NATURAL AETHER – THUS, MAGNIFYING THE BENEFICAL EFFECT. THESE NATURAL SIZED CAVITY STRUCTURES MANIFEST ACCORDING TO THE FIBONACCI SERIES – THE AETHERS PROGRESS IN SIZE THE SAME WAY.

THE ANCIENT PEOPLES KNEW THIS AND BUILT THEIR BUILDINGS USING THIS NATURAL PROPORTION – ALSO KNOWN AS – GOD'S DIVINE CANON OF PROPORTION AND THE GOLDEN MEAN, WHICH IS AN APPROXIMATION OF THE FIBONACCI SERIES. THE SERIES IS MORE ACCURATE. THE MASONS ALSO KNEW THIS, WHICH IS WHY CATHEDRALS FOCUS THE SAME CSE ENERGY.

When it comes to the bees, which nest underground, their "knowledge" of the CSE is vital to them. First of all, it enables the builder of a new gallery to stay away from the neighboring nests. Otherwise, the entire bee city all cut through with intersecting holes would simply collapse. Secondly, plant roots cannot be allowed to grow down into the galleries and honeycombs and indeed the roots stop growing any further a few centimeters away from the honeycomb of tunnels and chambers and start growing aside, feeling that nests are near.

DITTO WITH A SUPER CONDUCTOR (2-D) – MAGNETISM WILL NOT PENETRATE THE FIELD AROUND A SUPER CONDUCTOR. MAGNETISM WILL PENETRATE A MOUNTIAN OF LEAD BUT NOT A SUPER CONDUCTOR. 3-D ENERGY DOES NOT MIX WITH 2-D ENERGY. 3-D REQUIRES A TIME COMPONENT AND THERE IS NO TIME IN 2-D ENERGY FIELDS.

I have confirmed the latter conclusion by my many experiments on couching wheat seeds in a strong CSE field, as compared to the seeds germinating in the same climatic conditions but in the absence of the CSE field. Photographs and drawings show both, the dying of roots in the experimental batch as well as their sharp deviation in a direction away from my artificial honeycomb. Therefore, the bees and the weeds back at the lake had made a pact long ago and they are another example of the highest ecological expediency of all being. Yet, we see another example of people's merciless, ignorant and arrogant attitude toward the nature in the very same location on this globe. The bee city is gone now. Thick streams of fertile black soil run off down the ruts in the former river bank cliff every spring. They run among filthy heaps of trash to the lifeless, salty puddles left behind by once a living river, which not too long ago was at least a string of lakes, with its countless flocks of sandpipers and ducks, white swans, and hovering fish hawks. Gone is the cliff, thinned out by bee holes, where one used to hear the hum of hundreds of thousands of bees, which had led me for the first time into the land of unknown. I must have tired the reader out with all these honeycombs of mine. A separate thick book would be required to describe all my experiments with them. I will only mention one more thing. My battery powered pocket calculator often malfunctioned in the CSE field. 2-D ENERGY IS INFINITE AND MORE POWERFUL THAN 3-D ENERGY It either erred, or sometimes its display window failed to light up for hours. I used the field of a wasp nest combined with that of my two palms. None of these structures had any effect on their own.

I will also note that human hands, with all their tubular phalanxes, joints, ligaments, blood vessels, and nails are intensive CSE emanators ALSO SUPERCONDUCTORS capable of giving a powerful push to the straw or the charcoal rod indicator of my little instruments from a couple of meters distance. Practically anyone can do it. This is why I am convinced that there are no people with supersensory abilities, or rather that all the people have them and that the number of those, who can move light-weight objects across on a table from a distance, or hold them suspended in the air or "magnetically" attached to the hand, is far greater than is usually thought. Try it yourself! I look forward to your letters. Folks in old times used to play the following game: One man sits down onto a chair and four of his friends "build" a grid of horizontally stretched palms with slightly spread fingers over his head. First from their right hands, then from their left hands, spaced at about 2 cm. They hold the hand grid for about 10-15 seconds. Then all four of them place simultaneously their pressed-together index and middle fingers under the armpits and under the knees of the sitting man, and toss him energetically up in the air. The time lapse between "collapsing" the hand grid and tossing of the man must not exceed two seconds and the synchronicity of the action is very important. If everything is done right, a 100-kilo man flies up almost to the ceiling, while the ones who tossed him claim he was light as a feather. A skeptic reader may ask me: "How is this possible?" Doesn't it all contradict laws of nature? And if so, am I not

propagating mysticism? Nothing of the sort! There is no mysticism. We humans still know little of the Universe which, as we see it, not always accepts our all too human rules, assumptions and orders and laws. SNICKER. It dawned on me once that the results of my experiments with insect nests bear way too much similarity to the reports of people who happened to be in the vicinity of UFOs. ALSO SUPERCONDUCTORS WHICH ARE IN HARMONY WITH AN AETHER. Think about it and compare the observations of the same phenomena in both cases. Temporary malfunctioning of electronic devices, disrupted clocks-time, an invisible, resilient obstacle to movement, a temporary drop in the weight of objects, the sensation of a decrease in human weight, phosphenes moving, colored flashes in the eyes, galvanic taste in the mouth. I am sure you have read about all this in UFO journals. I am now telling you that it can all be experienced in our museum. Come and visit us! Was I standing on the threshold of yet another mystery? Quite so. And I was helped again by a chance, or better said by my old insect friends. And there came sleepless nights and failures accompanied by doubts and breakdowns, even accidents and no one to turn to for an advice. Everyone would have just laughed, or much worse...

But I can say this, my reader: "He is happy who has a more or less adequate use of his eyes, head, and hands." Skillful hands are particularly important and trust me that the joy of creative work, even of work that ends in failure, is far higher and brighter than earning any diplomas, medals, or patents.

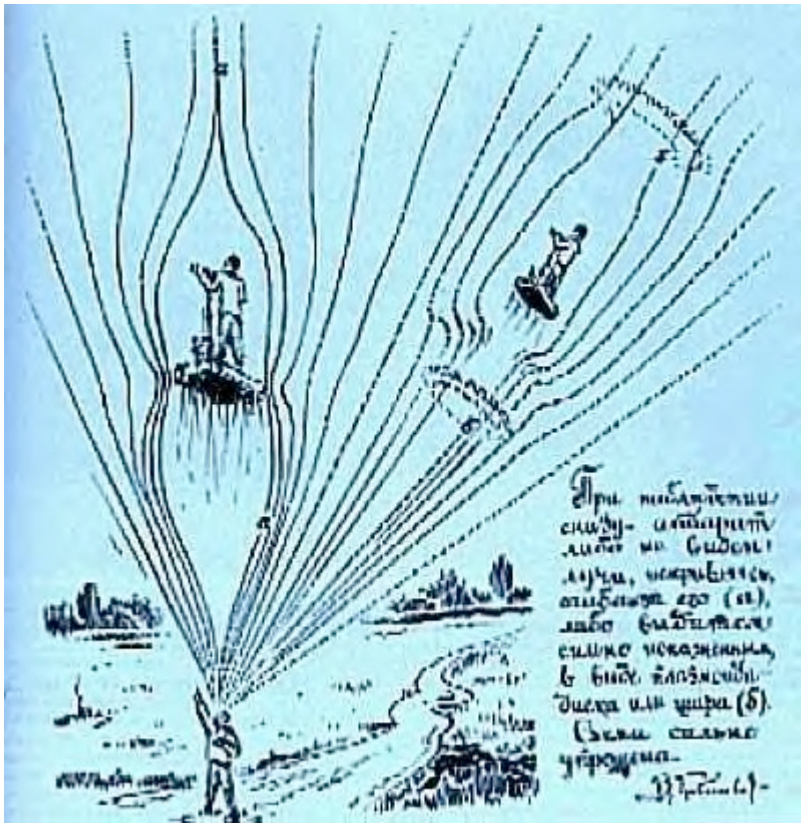
Flying an Anti-gravitational Platform

(excerpts from my diary)

Judge for yourself based on my diary excerpts, obviously simplified and adapted for this book. Pictures and drawings will help you to evaluate my story. It is a hot summer day and the faraway expanses are drowned in a bluish-lilac haze. The gigantic blue dome of the sky with its puffs of clouds stretches over the fields and groves. I am flying about 300 meters above ground with a light elongated tray of a lake in the distant haze serving me as me as a reference point. Blue, intricate contours of treelines slowly recede behind, with fields spreading among them. That bluish-green one is an oat field, the whitish rectangle with a strange, rhythmic twinkling of the sun reflection is that of buckwheat. Straight ahead of me opens a field of alfalfa, with its familiar cobalt medium-green stolen from my oil paintings, while the green oceans of wheat to the right borrowed my deeper, chrome oxide shade. This enormous, multi-colored palette floats further and further behind me. Footpaths meander among the fields and coppices. They join the gravel roads, which it turn stretch further out to join the highway, still hidden in the haze. But, I know that if I flew on the right side of the lake, I would see it, the smooth, gray ribbon without a beginning or an end carrying the matchboxes of cars slowly crawling over its back to their destinies. Isometric, flat shadows of the cumulus clouds ride over the sunny countryside. They are deep-blue where they cover the threes and are of various shades of light blue where they strike the fields. Now I have entered the shadow of one such cloud and I accelerate. It is quite easy for me to do so and leave for the sunshine again. I lean slightly forward and feel the warm, taut wind coming for down below, from the sun drenched soil and vegetation. It does not blow from the side like when you are on the ground, but strangely from the surface up. I physically feel its thick, dense current carrying the strong smell of blooming buckwheat. Of course, this jet can easily lift even a large bird, an eagle may be, or a stork, or a crane, on their frozen, spread wings.

13s.jpg (10455 bytes)

But I have no wings. I stand suspended in the air supported in my flight by a little flat, rectangular platform, which is slightly bigger than the seat of a chair. It has a pole with two handles onto which I hold and with whose help I navigate this device. Is this some science fiction? I wouldn't say so. The interrupted manuscript of this book had lied abandoned for two whole years because our generous, ancient nature had given me another something and again through my insect friends. As usual, it did it elegantly and inconspicuously, yet swiftly and convincingly. The thrill of discovery would not let go of me for two years, even though it seemed to me that I was mastering it at a break-neck speed. But it always happens this way. When your work is new and interesting, the time flies by at double its normal speed. The eye of the lake is already much closer. I can clearly see the highway beyond by now and the match boxes have grown wheels on them. The highway is about 8km away from the railway running parallel to it and if I look closer, I can see the power line poles on the light gray moat of the railway. It is time to turn some 20 degrees to the left. I can't be seen from the ground and not just because of the distance. I cast almost no shadow even in a very low flight. Yet, as I found out later, people sometimes see something where I am in the sky. I appear to them either as a light sphere, a disk, or something like a slanted cloud with sharp edges, which moves strangly according to them, not exactly the way a real cloud would. One person has observed a "flat, non-transparent square, about one hectare in size". Could it have been the optically enlarged little platform of my device? Most people see nothing at all though and I am quite pleased with it for the time being. I can't be too careful! Besides, I still haven't determined what my visibility or invisibility depended on. I must confess that I consciously avoid people when in flight and that I, for this very purpose, bypass all cities and towns and try to pass even the cross roads and footpaths at increased speed after making sure there is no one there.



I trust only my insect friends depicted in these pages on these excursions, which no doubt are a fiction to the reader but, which are already almost casual to me . The first practical use of my discovery has been entomological research. A way to get to and examine my secret places, to take a picture of them from above and to find new, still uninspected insect lands in need of protection and salvation. Alas, nature has established its own strict limitations on my work. Just as on a passenger plane, I could see but couldn't take photographs [taking pictures on planes was forbidden by law]. My camera shutter wouldn't close and both rolls of film I had with me, one in the camera and the other in my pocket, got light-struck. I didn't succeed in sketching the landscape either, because both my hands were almost always busy. I could only free one hand for a couple of seconds. Thus I could only draw from my memory. I managed to do that only immediately after landing. Though I am an artist, my visual memory is not all that great. I did not feel the same way in my flight as we do when we fly in our sleep. It was with flying in my sleep that I started this book a while ago. Real flying is not so much pleasure as it is work, sometimes very hard and dangerous at that. One has to stand, not hover, with both hands always busy. There is a borderline a few centimeters away separating "this" space from "that" on the outside. The border is invisible but quite treacherous. My contraption is still rather clumsy and resembles perhaps a hospital scale. But this is only the beginning! By the way, besides the camera, I have experienced sometimes trouble with my watch and possibly also with the calendar. While descending onto a familiar glade, I would occasionally find it slightly "out of season", with about a two-week deviation but, I had nothing to check it against. Thus, it may be possible to fly not just in space but also, or so it seems, in time. I cannot make the latter claim with a 100% guarantee, except perhaps that in flight, particularly at its beginning, a watch runs erratically, now too slow and then too fast. But, the watch is at its accurate time and speed at the end of the excursions.

Nevertheless, this is one of the reasons why I stay away from people during my journeys. If time manipulation is involved alongside the manipulation of gravitation, I might, perhaps, accidentally disrupt cause-and-effect of relations and someone might get hurt. This is where my fears were coming from. Insects captured "there" disappear from my test tubes, boxes and other receptacles. They disappear mostly without a trace. Once I had a test tube crushed to tiny bits in my pocket, another time there was an oval hole in the tube glass with brown, as though chitin colored edges as you can see in the picture [above]. I did feel a kind of burning or an electric shock inside my pocket on many occasions, perhaps at the moment of my prisoner's disappearance. I found the captured insect in my test tube only once, but it wasn't the adult ichneumon with white rings on its feelers, but its chrysalis, i.e. its earlier stage. It was alive and it moved its belly when touched but, much to my dismay, it has died a week later.

It is best to fly on clear summer days Flying is much more difficult when it rains and almost impossible in winter. Not because of the cold, since I could have adapted my device accordingly, but being an entomologist, winter trips are useless to me.

How and why did I make this discovery? I was examining the chitin shells of insects under my microscope in the summer of 1988 along with their pinnate antennae, the fish-scale microstructure of butterfly wings, iridescent colors, and other inventions of nature. I became interested in an amazingly rhythmical microstructure of one large insect detail. It was an extremely well-ordered composition, as though stamped out by factory equipment according to special blueprints and calculations. As I saw it, the intricate ***sponginess*** was clearly unnecessary either for the strength of the part, or for its decoration. I have never observed anything like this unusual micro-ornament either in nature, in technology, or in art. Because its structure is three-dimensional, I have been unable to capture it in a drawing so far, or a photograph. Why does an insect need it? Besides, other than in flight, this structure at the bottom of the wing case is always hidden from the eye. No one would ever see it properly. Was it perhaps the wave emitter using "my" multiple cavity structures effect? That truly lucky summer, there were very many insects of this species and I would capture them at night. I was not able to observe these insects neither before, nor later.

I placed the small, ***concave*** chitin plate on the microscope stage in order to again examine its strangely ***star-shaped cells*** under strong magnification. I again admired this masterpiece jewelwork of nature. I was about to place a second identical plate with the same unusual cell structure on its underside almost purposelessly on top of the first one. But then!

The little plate came loose from my tweezers, hung suspended above the other plate on the microscope stage for a few seconds, then turned a few degrees clockwise and slid to the right, then turned counterclockwise and swung and only then it abruptly fell on the desk.

You can imagine what I felt at that moment. When I came to my senses, I tied a few panels together with a wire and it wasn't an easy thing to do. I succeeded only when I ***positioned them vertically***. What I got was a ***multi-layered chitin block*** and I placed it on the desk. Even a relatively large object, such as a thumbtack, would not fall on it. Something pushed it up and aside. When I attached the tack on top of the "block", I witnessed incredible, impossible things. The tack would disappear from sight for a few moments. That was when I have realized that this was no "beacon," but something entirely different.

And I became again so excited that all the objects around me became foggy and shaky. I managed to pull myself together with huge effort in a couple of hours and I continued working.

This is how it all started. Of course, much still remains to be understood, verified, and tested. I will certainly tell my readers about the finer details of my machine, about its propulsion principles, about distances, heights, speeds, equipment and all the rest but, in my next book.

I have conducted my first, rather unsuccessful and highly dangerous flight on the night of March 17, 1990. I didn't have the patience to wait until the warm season and I neglected to go to a deserted area. I already knew that night was the most dangerous time for this kind of work and I had a bad luck from the very start. The panel blocks in the right side of the lifting platform got repetitively stuck. I should have fixed the problem properly and immediately, yet I neglected to do so in my impatience. I took off right in the middle of the Agricultural Academy campus, erroneously assuming that everyone would be asleep at 1 after midnight and that nobody would see me. The lift-off went well but, I became dizzy in a few seconds time, while the lit windows of the campus buildings sank beneath me. I should have landed

right then yet, I made the mistake of staying airborne. A powerful force snatched away my control over my movement and weight and it dragged me in the direction of the city.

I crossed the second circle of the nine-story buildings in the city's residential area (they are laid out in two huge circles with five-story buildings, including ours, inside them) drawn by this unexpected and uncontrollable power and then I crossed a snow-covered, narrow field and the Academy City highway. The dark immensity of Novosibirsk was closing in upon me and it was closing in fast. I was already near a bunch of tall factory smoke stacks, many of which belched thick smoke into the cold night sky. The graveyard shift was on. I had to do something and do it quickly. I got on top of the situation only with great effort. I finally managed to perform an emergency adjustment of the panel blocks and my horizontal movement slowed down, but I became quite sick now. I succeed in stopping the horizontal movement only at my fourth attempt, at which point my platform hung over the city's industrial district Zatulinka. The sinister smoke stacks fumed silently right beneath me. I took a short rest, if one can call a few minutes of hanging over a lighted factory fence a rest and I glided back after I made sure that the "evil power" has passed. I did not fly straight back in the direction of our Agricultural Academy campus though, but to the right of it, toward the airport. I did this to foul the trail, in case someone had seen me. I turned abruptly home only when I was over dark, deserted night fields about halfway to the airport, where I was sure that there was clearly no one around. I naturally couldn't get out of bed the next day. The news on TV and in the newspapers was more than alarming. Headlines, such as "UFO over Zatulinka" and "Aliens again?" meant that my flight had been detected. But how! Some perceived the "phenomenon" as glowing spheres or disks, many actually saw not one sphere but two! Others claimed that they had seen a "real saucer" with windows and rays of light. I am not discounting the possibility that some Zatulino residents saw something else entirely, rather than my near-emergency evolutions, something that had nothing to do with me. Besides that, March of 1990 was particularly rich in UFO sightings in Siberia, near Nalchik. There was also some heavy UFO traffic in Belgium where, according to Pravda, an engineer Marcel Alferlane took a two-minute film of the flight of a huge triangular craft on March 31. According to Belgian scientists, it was a "material object with a capacity no civilization could currently create." Is it really so? As for me, I would suggest that the gravitational filter platforms (or as I call them, panel blocks) of these machines were in fact small, triangular and made here on Earth but, with more sophistication than my half-wooden contraption. I also wanted to make my platform triangular, because it would be much safer and efficient that way, but I chose a rectangular design because it is easier to fold and once folded, it may resemble a suitcase, or a painter's case and it can be therefore disguised and not arouse any suspicions. I have naturally chosen a painter's case.

I had nothing to do with the sightings in Nalchik or Belgium. Besides, as it appears, I am very impractical in the use of my discovery. I fly only to my entomological preserves. These are far more important to me than any technological finds. I have eleven such preserves at the moment, eight in Omsk region, one in Voronezh region and one near Novosibirsk. There used to be six of them in Novosibirsk region, all of them created, or rather saved by me and my family for the time being, but they don't like them here. Neither the Agricultural Academy (still more obsessed with "chemistry" than with anything else), nor the Environmental Protection Committee were willing to help me preserve these little islands from evil, ignorant people.

Therefore, I am continuing my journey westward under the magnificent, fluffy noon clouds, with the blue shadows of the clouds, the intricately shaped coppices and the multicolored patches of fields floating back below me.

The speed of my flight is quite high but, there is no wind in my ears. The platform's force field has "carved out" an upward-diverging, invisible column from space, which cuts the platform off the earth's gravitational pull. Yet, it leaves me and the air inside the column intact. I think that it parts space in flight and then closes it behind me. This must be the reason for my invisibility, or the distorted visibility of the device and its "rider", as was the case with my flight over Novosibirsk's Zatulinka suburb.

THE COLUMN IS THE CENTER OF THE ANU – A NULL ZONE. THE ANU ITSELF "TRAVELS" BY MIRRORING WITHIN THE AETHERS.

The protection from gravity is regulated albeit not entirely. When I move my head forward, I can already feel the turbulence of the wind that clearly smells either of sweet clover, of buckwheat, or of the colored, wild weeds of Siberian meadows.

I leave Isilkul with its huge grain elevator to my right and begin to gradually descend over the highway, making sure that I am invisible to the drivers, passengers and the people working in the fields. My platform and I cast no shadow (although the shadow occasionally appears). I see three kids by the treeline of a forest and I descent dropping my speed and fly right by them. They don't react to me, which means that everything is fine. Neither I, nor my shadow are visible and they don't hear me either. The propulsion principle of my device makes my platform completely quiet, because there is practically no air friction. My journey has been a long one, at least forty minutes from Novosibirsk. My hands are tired because I can't take them off from the controls and so are my legs and body. I have to stand up straight, tied to the vertical pole with a belt. Even though I could travel faster, I am still afraid to do so considering how small and fragile is my hand-made machine.

I rise up again and forward and I soon see the familiar landmark, a road intersection with a passenger terminal on the right side of the highway. Another five kilometers and I finally see the orange posts of the preserve fence. The preserve, come to think of it, is twenty years old now. How many times have I saved this child of mine from trouble and bureaucrats, from chemical laden aircraft, from fires and many other evils. And the "Land of Insects" is still alive and well!

I can already see the thicket of carrot weed and make out the light heads of their flowers resembling azure balls, while descending and braking. This I achieve by cross-shifting the filter blinds under the platform's board. The carrot weed is covered with insects of course and an incredible joy overcomes my fatigue, for it was I, who has saved this patch on Earth, as small as it is, less than seven hectares [18 acres]. No one has driven here, no one has cut the grass or tended cattle for twenty years here and the soil has risen in places to fourteen centimeters high. Not only did several locally extinct species of insects return here but, also such weeds as feather grass of rare variety returned along with the purple Scorzonera, whose large flowers smell of chocolate in the morning. I can smell the thick odor of cuckoo flower and only this Middle Glade smells like that. It is right behind the fence of the preserve and fills me once again with the joyful anticipation of another encounter with the "World of Insects". Here they are. I can see them very well even from ten meters above the ground, the wide umbrellas and azure balls of Angelica and carrot plants. Dark orange butterflies sitting

on them in groups and heavy hornets bow the white and yellow inflorescences of Lady's Bedstraws and ginger. Blue damselflies with trembling wide wings interwoven by a fine network of veins hover next to my head. I slow down even more and all of a sudden I see my shadow flash below me. Hitherto invisible, it has finally appeared and now it slowly glides along weeds and bushes. But I am already safe. there is not a soul around and the highway some three hundred meters north of the preserve is now empty. I can land. The stems of the tallest weeds rustle against the bottom of my "podium", my platform with the panel blocks.

But, before setting it down on top of a little bump, I again spread the blinds with my control handle in a fit of joy and rise vertically up, high into the sky. The landscape below quickly shrinks and the horizon begins to curve on all sides in a huge dip opening up the sight of railroad that runs two kilometers on the left with the village on the right of it twinkling with its light slate roofs. Further on the right lies Roslavka, the central estate of the Lesnoy State Farm, which already looks like a small city. Cow farms of the Lesnoy's Komsomolsk branch surrounded by a yellow ring of straw and dry, foot-worn manure are to the left of the railroad. I can recognize a few small houses and the neat white cube of the Yunino railroad terminal some 6km away in the west, where the smooth curve of the railroad disappears (this is somewhat confusing, because the railway is actually straight as an arrow). Beyond Yunino spread the limitless expanses of Kazakhstan, drowning in the hot, bluish haze of this hot summer day. Finally, right below me, lies my Isilkulia. The land of my youth looks very different from how it appears on maps and plans with their inscriptions and signs. It is vast, limitless, alive. It is interspersed with dark, intricate islands of woods, cloudy shadows and bright clear eyes of the lakes. The huge disk of the earth with all this beneath me appears more and more concave for some reason and I still haven't found out the reason for this already familiar illusion. I rise still higher and the rare, white cloud masses sink lower and lower and the sky above turns much darker blue. The fields protruding between the clouds are already covered with the thickening blue haze and they are more and more difficult to distinguish. Too bad I can't take my four-year-old grandson Andrei with me. The platform could easily lift us both but, one can't be too careful.

Goodness, what am I doing? I have cast a shadow back on the Glade, didn't I? This means that I can be seen by thousands, as on that memorable night in March. It is daytime now and I may again appear as a disk, square, or even worse, as my own person. And over there, there is also a cargo plane approaching me, still silent but, quickly growing in size. I can already see the cold shimmer off its body and the flashing of its unnaturally red warning light. Down, quick! I brake abruptly and make a turn. The sun is at my back and my shadow should be across from me, impressed on top of the gigantic, convex wall of a white cloud. But there is no shadow. Only the rainbow glory of the iridescent bright ring familiar to all pilots has brushed the cloud ahead of me. I sigh with relief, because this means that nobody saw either me, or my "double" in the guise of a triangle, square, or a "common" saucer. A thought occurs to me (I must say that despite the desperate technical and physical inconvenience, imagination works much better and faster in a "falling" flight): "What if I am not the only one out of the five billion people to have made my discovery? What if flying devices based on the same principle, both home-made and professional, have long been constructed and tested?"

But all screening platforms have the same quality. They become visible to other people sometimes. The pilots themselves are "transformed" and they are observed as "humanoids" in silver suits, either short and green, or flat as if made of cardboard (Voronezh, 1989) etc. Thus, it may very well be that these are not alien UFO crewmen, but only people who appear "temporarily deformed" to the outside observers. It may very well be that they are earthly pilots and builders of little platforms, such as mine, who have made their inventions reliable. My advice to those, who in their study of insects come across the same phenomenon and begin making and testing a "gravitoplane" (by the way, I am convinced that one can't make the discovery without insects) is this: "Fly only on fine summer days. Avoid working in thunderstorms or rain. Do not operate the platform too far or too high. Do not take anything with you from the landing area. Make all assembly units as strong as possible and avoid testing of the device in the vicinity of any power lines, towns (let alone cities), transport, or people." The best site for testing is a distant forest glade, as far away from human habitation as possible. Otherwise you may cause a phenomenon known as poltergeist in the radius of a few dozen meters with "unexplained" movements of household objects, switching on and off of household electric appliances and even causing fires. I myself have no explanation for all this, but it seems that these phenomena are the consequence of temporal disruptions, a complicated and treacherous activity. Not a single, even tiniest fragment or particle should be dropped either during the flight, or in the landing area. Let us remember the Dalnegorsk phenomenon of January 29, 1986, apparently a tragic one for the inventors, when the entire device was blown apart and scattered over a vast area. Only small shreds of filter cells were found, impossible to analyze chemically (as it should be!). Remember, I wrote that insects taken from "there" and moved "over here" disappeared from their test tubes with hole formed in the tubes, if they remained intact at all. It turns out that these holes resemble similar holes in windows plate glass. The latter sometimes appear in residential and office buildings, occasionally in "bursts" in the windows of several rooms and floors. A hole is 3-5 mm on the outside, widening in a cone to he inside, with exit diameter of 6-15 mm. Some holes are melted or colored brown on edges, just as it happened in the case of my insect in my test tube. It seems that this type of poltergeist isn't caused, as I used to believe, by short-lived microplasmoids of tiny ball lightning type, but by particles and specks carelessly dropped while testing a device similar to mine. The photographs of window holes on these pages are documentary and made by me at the scientific center of the Agricultural Academy near Novosibirsk. I can show them to anyone who wants to see them. These holes appeared during 1975-1990, but none of them, except perhaps the very last one, are related to my flights.

I am certain that part of UFO descriptions are actually those of platforms, panel blocks and other large parts of devices deliberately or accidentally taken out of the active field by their designers and makers. These fragments are capable of causing much trouble to others, or at best, to generate a series of improbable tales and stories in papers and magazines, often accompanied by "scientific" commentaries...

Why am I not disclosing the particulars of my discovery at this time? Firstly, because one needs time and energy for proving the truth. I have neither. I know how daunting is this task from my own bitter experience of trying to get recognition for my previous discoveries, including such an obvious one as the Cavity Structures Effect of whose reality you, my readers, I am sure, are by now convinced. This was the result of my protracted, painstaking efforts to get the CSE scientifically recognized. "Any further correspondence with you on the subject of your patent application is counterproductive." I know personally some of the High Priests of Science and I am certain that were I ever to get an audience with one such person (which is now practically impossible), were I ever to open my painter's case, attach its pole to it and turn the handles and soar to the ceiling, he wouldn't be a bit impressed, or worse still, he would order the trickster out of the office. I look forward to times when young people will replace these "priests".

The second reason for my "non-disclosure" is more objective. I have found these antigravitational structures only in one species of Siberian insects. I dare not even naming the class to which this insect belongs, because it seems to be on the verge of extinction and the population surge, which I had registered back then, was possibly local and final. Now, what would be the guarantee that dishonest people, half competent in biology, would not rush out to ravines, meadows and forests to catch perhaps the very last samples of this miracle of nature, if I were to name the genus and the species? What are the guarantees that they would not plough up hundreds of glades and cut down dozens of forests to get to this potentially lucrative prey? Therefore, let all I have related in this chapter and in the addendum remain science fiction. May nature herself never reveal this secret to them. It would take a lot of effort and they would never be able to get it by force as there are still several million insect species living on the planet. Spend at least an hour on the morphological study of each of them, then calculate the odds of encountering the unusual and I will sincerely wish you diligence and a very long life, for even if you took no days off, working eight hours a day, you would need a thousand years of life. I hope I will be understood and forgiven by those of my readers who wanted immediate information about my discovery not for selfish ends, but simply out of curiosity. Indeed, what would you do in my place if you were to act in the best interests of The Living Nature? Besides, I can see that similar inventions have been made by other people who are also in no rush to take their discoveries to bureaucrats' offices, who prefer to fly across night skies in the guise of strange disks, triangles, or squares which surprise eyewitnesses with their iridescent flickering...

... I orient myself falling down, or rather sinking and look around to see, if there is anyone around. I brake abruptly about forty meters from the ground and land safely where I always do, on a tiny glade in the Big Forest of the preserve. You won't find it on a map and if you get there, you won't be able to find it either. Don't judge me for the fact that the branches of several aspens there are cut or sliced "by lightning". The strictly vertical take-off and landing are very difficult and the initial trajectory is for the most part slanted, particularly at take-off, when the platform is for some reason carried off away from the sun and sometimes the other way around...

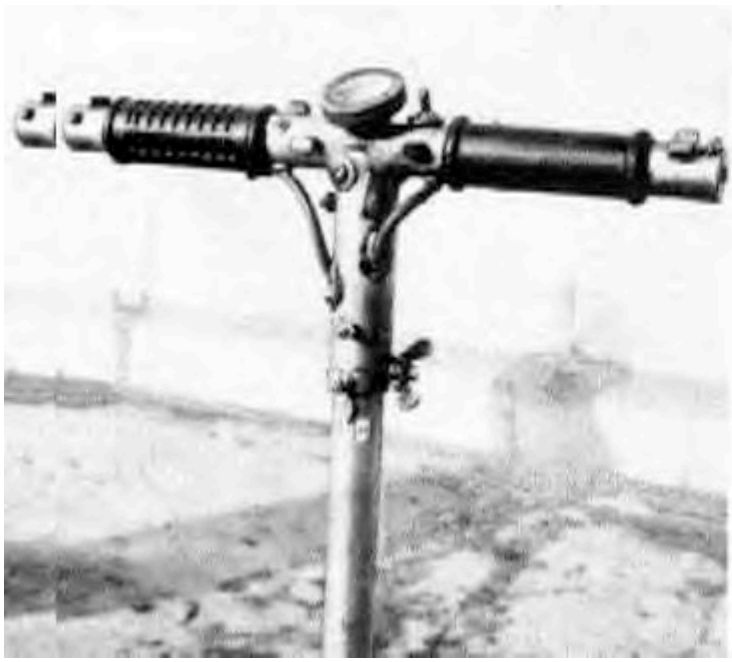
I loosen the screws on the control pole, then shorten it like a telescoping antenna of a portable radio and remove it from the platform. I fold the platform in half. Now it looks like a painter's case, if only a bit thicker. I put the case, some food and a few tools for repairing of the fence into my backpack and make my way for the Middle Glade among the aspens and the short dog-rose bushes. I see a good omen even before leaving the forest, a family of fire-red toadstools that have lined up on the forest bedding in a wide curve, or, as it used to be called in our folklore, a "witch's ring". Why "witch's"? And in general: "Why does one have to break, knock off and trample this beautiful mushroom of Siberian forests?" [Vandalism] I often asked mushroom-pickers why they do it. The answer was, "because it's inedible!" But turf, clay, twigs, tree stumps and stones are inedible too. If there were rocks lying in the forest instead of mushrooms, no one would be knocking them off. It seems that inedible mushrooms are knocked off because they are alive. Ignorant people trample and kick them only to kill them! What is this then? Do people really have it in their blood to kill a mushroom or to crush a bug and to shoot a bird, a hare, or a bison? And is this not where boorishness, sadism, pogroms and wars originate? One really does not want to believe it. I put myself in the shoes of an alien. I come to Earth to visit humans and see them knock off mushrooms, crush insects and shoot birds and each other. What would I do? I would immediately turn my spacecraft around and go back. I wouldn't return for at least 500 earth years. What would you do, my reader, if you were an alien? It's a good thing that at least this little family of toadstools is hidden from evil eyes and cruel feet. It gives me joy to see its special life every summer, to see its cinnabar-red, moist caps with large, whitish scales underneath. But here is the glade. I walk on it as usual, with my heart sinking with a constant longing for this dear, faraway nature of Isilkul, with fear that some "master" might decide to plough it up and with joy that it is still unploughed, uncut, and untrampled. It really means nothing that I have a folded, incapacitated platform with gravitational, micro-cellular filter blocks in my backpack, along with the folded pole and the field regulators and the belt, with which I fasten myself to the pole. What difference does it make that I moved about fifty years ahead of the contemporary science with my discovery? People are eventually and certainly going to master this and many other mysteries of matter, space, gravitation and time. But no super civilization on any planet of any super galaxy is going to re-create this very glade with its complex, fragile, trembling life, with its lady's bedstraws, meadow sweets and feather grass. Where else, in what corner of the universe, are you going to find a match for this lilac-blue bell flower with two flower flies performing their love dance in its semi-transparent entrails? On what other planet would a nearly tame blue butterfly land on your outstretched hand to have a taste of something salty, a sausage, or cheese, or a pickle? Or else, just to walk up and down your palm, opening and closing its gray wings on whose backside there is a fine ornament of round eyes?

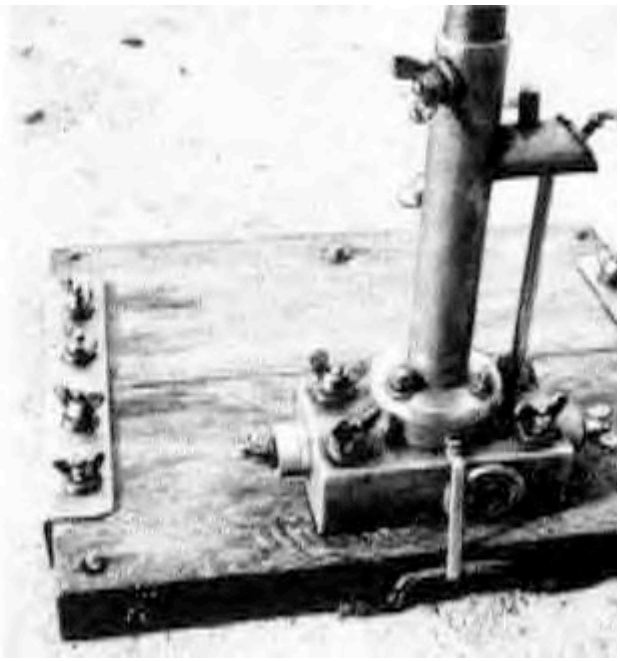
... It hasn't been too long since we, humans, started flying the first air balloons and later airplanes and still later the powerful rockets that we send to other heavenly bodies. What's next? Next we are going to fly to other stars at a speed close to that of light. But, even the closest galaxy would still be out of reach. Yet the humankind, if it ever earns the name of intelligent, will solve many riddles of the universe and will then overcome this hurdle too. Then any worlds in the universe will become accessible, close even if they are trillions of light years away. It'll happen, for it is all a matter of reason, science and technology. Only this glade may disappear if I, and there is no one else to rely on, am not going to preserve it for my close and distant descendants.

So, what is more valuable to humanity at this time? Is it the insect preserve, or is it the home-made device capable of developing the vertical pull of at least 100 kg and the

horizontal speed of 30-40 km/min? I am asking you, my reader. But think hard before you give a serious, responsible answer.

Look at these pictures. This is my rather simple device in assembly. A flexible cable inside the steering column transmits the movement from the left handle to the gravitational louvers. I lift off or land by joining or parting these "wing cases".





Once I lost the left handle in a free-falling descent and would have been in a better world if the platform hadn't dug out a rather deep well in the tillage, first a vertical one, then horizontal, facing away from the sun. Thus I not only survived, but I also felt almost no impact, just darkness. I extracted myself and my fairly badly damaged device from this well, although not without effort, because the "well" had no slag heaps! I had to use all my ingenuity to disguise it. If it were seen from the road, it would have caused much speculation and may even have led some over-zealous investigators to the culprit. Similar wells, also with the side-tunnel and without slag heaps, were suddenly formed on October 24, 1989 in the fields of Khvorostyansk District of Samara Region. Komsomolskaya Pravda [magazine] described it in detail on December 6. of the same year and it seems that I am not alone. I am quite likely "inventing a bicycle". Well, actually the top part of my device looks very much like one. The right handle is used for horizontal motion, also achieved via a cable, regulating the incline of both groups of the "wing case" blinds. I never fly faster than 25 km/min and I prefer to go ten times slower. I don't know whether I have persuaded you, my reader, that similar devices will soon be available to practically everyone, while the living nature, without which humans cannot survive, won't be available to anyone if we don't save it and preserve it.

But I don't want to seem to be entirely greedy and I will give researchers another patent of nature. It is also related to movement and gravitation. Physicists say that a reactionless motor is impossible. In other words, a device completely isolated from the environment won't fly or drive. A car won't move without wheels in contact with the road, a plane won't fly with a

covered propeller and neither will a rocket fly with plugged nozzles. Baron Münchhausen, who has managed to pull himself up by the hair from a mire was the only exception.

This happened near Novosibirsk in 1981, when we were studying the entomo-fauna of alfalfa, its pollinators and pests. I was "mowing" alfalfa with an insect net wading through the field and collecting the contents of the net, the insects, leaves and flowers, into a glass jar. Such is the cruel method of studying the insect make-up of the fields, because none better has been invented as yet. Alas, such was the work, with which I earned my living at the Institute of Agricultural Chemistry. I was about to throw a piece of ethered cotton wool into the jar and then cap it, when a light little cocoon jumped up at me.

It was oval-shaped, rather dense and non-transparent. One of the little "prisoners" in the jar must have pushed it. Cocoons can't jump on their own! But the cocoon proved me wrong. It jumped up one more time, hit the glass wall and fell down. I took it out and put it into a separate test tube. I looked at it through a binocular microscope at home and I have found nothing special about it. It was a cocoon like any other, about 3 mm long and 1.5 mm wide. Its walls felt strong to the touch as they should. But the cocoon energetically jumped when lit or warmed by the sun but, it was quiet in the dark. It could jump 30mm lengthwise and, what I found even more remarkable, up to 50mm high. As far as I could tell, it flew smoothly, almost without tumbling. No doubt, the larva of the insect was responsible for the movement. But it was impossible to see how it did it.

...Jumping ahead, I can tell you that the cocoon finally produced a male insect of the ichneumon family, the ***Batiplectes anurus*** species. It is beneficial for agriculture because its larvae parasitize the alfalfa weevil.

The flying cocoon will jump until it has finally landed in a cool place, for example a crack in the ground. It must have found itself in my net during its strange flying journey, at the moment of its jump. It all resembled poltergeist unexplained "jumps" of household objects, many times described in papers. I have placed the cocoon on glass to look at it from below. Could it be that the larva draws in its bottom and then abruptly releases it? Nothing of the kind. There were no dents at any point and the cocoon jumped no matter which way I rolled it. It was also remarkable that it jumped sideways from the horizontal, smooth and slippery glass pane. I have measured its trajectories. They were up to 35 mm long and up to 50 mm high. This means that the cocoon lifted itself up to a height 30 times its own width! Shall I leave this capsule without support? But how? With a piece of loose cotton wool! I have fluffed up a piece of cotton wool and I have placed the cocoon on this cotton cloud. I have brought it out into the sun and impatiently waited. If the cocoon's inhabitant jumps by hitting the lower wall, making the cocoon to bounce off its support, it should not work this time. The impact should be absorbed by the thin fibers of the cotton. Theoretically, the cocoon shouldn't even move. But no, it takes off from its motionless pad, up and aside, as it did before. I measure its broad jump at 42 mm, about as good as before. The insect must have been hitting not the bottom, but the top part of the cocoon at any rate. It must have been doing something that caused the capsule to move. Frankly speaking, it is as I write these notes that I feel agitation. I found nothing supernatural in the jumps of my tiny prisoner back in 1981. This was because I knew that, according to physics, there can be no reactionless motors. Otherwise I would have bred a couple of hundred of those insects. Thankfully, they are quite common and I would have studied the phenomenon thoroughly. Now, let us fantasize a little: "What if the batiplectes wanted to leave the Earth? An adult, winged insect would have no luck because our atmosphere is quite rarefied up the top and wings are no

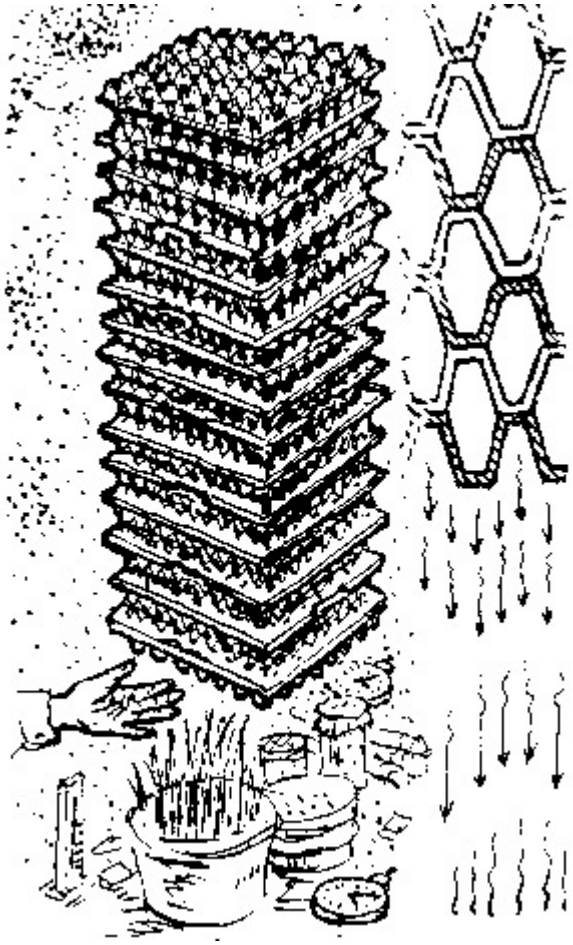
match for it. A larva in a cocoon is an entirely different matter. It could in theory, after lifting its capsule 5 cm in a jump, take it up even further while still in the air and then again and again. If the cocoon were airtight, I mean if the pilot had sufficient air reserve for breathing, the device would be able to leave the atmosphere and would have no obstacles to a limitless build-up of speed. Such is the alluring, incredible value of reactionless motors, declared, alas, a product of empty fantasy. But even if you are no physicist, you still have a hard time imagining what a tiny larva does in there if its vessel soars 5 cm high. It simply can't be ...and yet it jumps!

Physicists say that this is "beyond science" as it "contradicts the laws of nature." The only problem is that the Batiplectes anurus doesn't know it. The physicists' ban must also have been unknown to the leading, experienced biologists who honestly wrote the following on page 26 of the academic Register of Insects of European USSR (vol. III, pt. 3): "The cocoon jumps up as a result of abrupt movements of the larva inside the cocoon." Shortly, it is a working and tested example of a safe, reactionless drive. I am giving it to you, to my reader. Invent, design and build but, hurry! Massive chemical warfare has been waged against the alfalfa pest, the snout beetle (phitonomus). Humanity may actually win it. Yet, the price may be too great. Our planet's fauna may also lose the ichneumon Batiplectes anurus as it parasitizes only this kind of weevil and cannot survive without it. It will disappear with the destruction of the Phitonomus varnabilis beetle. Meanwhile, any proposals on using biological weapons against the pest, such as our very ichneumon and other insect predators are completely rejected by the bosses of Russian agriculture and agricultural science. I have been fighting them on this for decades, but like Don Quixote, so far with little success.

However, one could understand those in charge too. How can one stop the expensive chemical factories? And why do agrarian scientists care about some reactionless drive that doesn't allow alfalfa to be treated with a poison? Hurry up, biologists, engineers, physicists! For if Chemistry wins, this mystery along with a host of other mysteries related to it will leave people for ever. Without insects, people won't invent it themselves. Please trust me, an entomologist with 60 years of experience. There is a drawing at the end of my first book, "A Million Riddles", published in Novosibirsk in 1968, which I have reproduced here again. A drawing of a man flying over Novosibirsk's Academic City. He is flying a device based on a huge pair of insect wings. I dreamed of inventing such a machine at the time. Strangely, the dream came true precisely because of my friendship with insects yet, not by blindly copying the most noticeable parts, the wings that only make me smile now but, through careful study of living nature. Nothing would have been possible without my six-legged friends. No one would be able to do without them either. Thus safeguard their world, the ancient, wonderful world of insect, for it is an infinite, unique treasure of nature's mysteries! I beg you all, take care of it!

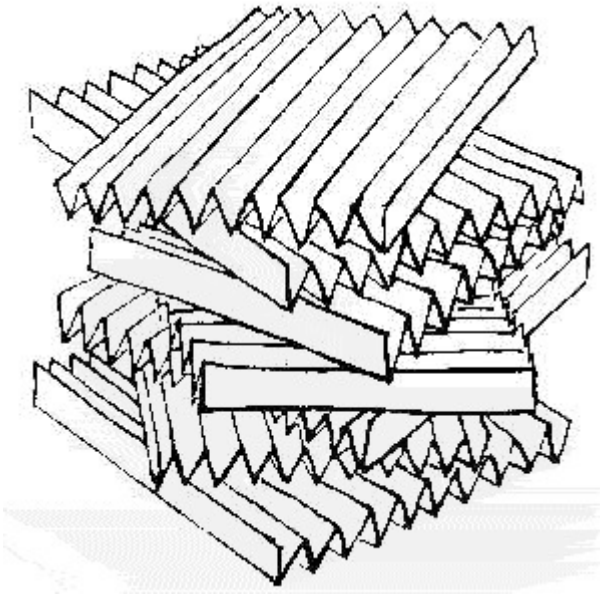
FROM THE NOTEBOOK OF A NATURALIST:

Artificial honeycomb --- Take a dozen and a half papier-mâché supermarket egg cases (30-egg variety), tie them up or glue them together (one on top of another) in such a way as to join the "teeth" to one another rather than to the hollows.



You will have large cells similar to the multi-cellular combs of a certain "paper" wasp but, much bigger. Affix the whole set of cells (they can be enclosed in a case) over the head of a person sitting in a chair with the bottom "comb" about 10-20 cm above the head. Let the person sit there for 10-15 min. The "unnatural", unusual transformation of the spatial shape formed by the set can be picked up even by the palm of your hand. Experiment with sprouting seeds, or breeding microorganisms and insects under the "macrocomb" and compare the results with those of identical experiments conducted at least 2 m away from the comb. Repeat each pair of experiments several times.

Iron comb --- Test the impact of common kitchen shredders piled up one on top of another with their wire-edges down in a similar way, with the small hole shredders at the bottom and the large hole ones at the top.



Paper Combs --- Cut apart 6 sheets of office paper lengthwise and fold each of them like a bellows so, that you get 10 edges and 20 planes on each. Squeeze the bellows so that the sheets are square now, rather then rectangular and glue them on top of one another, turning each consecutive sheet horizontally 30 degrees clockwise against the bottom one. Then glue together (preferably out of dark paper) a conical, multi-layered "flower" with a few dozen petals and fluff up the petals. Test the emanators by holding your palm above the "flower" and underneath the suspended bellows. Place the bellows and then the flower above the head of a sitting person and record his/her sensations.

Plastic Foam --- We are used to the fact that this excellent thermal insulator "reflects" the warmth of the hand even at a distance. But, even if you cover it with dark paper, cardboard, or a tin plate, it will still do the same. This happens due to the work of multiple vesicular cavities of the material producing the CSE. Foam rubber. It is widely known that a person used to sleeping on let's say a cotton wool mattress doesn't sleep well at first on a rubber foam one, or else is unable to sleep at all. This is a typical manifestation of the CSE. The organism eventually adapts itself to this new bed.

Mushroom CSE --- A hunter once told me that he warms his hands up in winter on bracket-fungi. Let us recall that the underside of this tree fungi is full of fine spore tubes. What the hunter felt was not warmth but, a typical CSE.

Moving combs --- Make a wooden top and drill several holes about a pencil size through it.

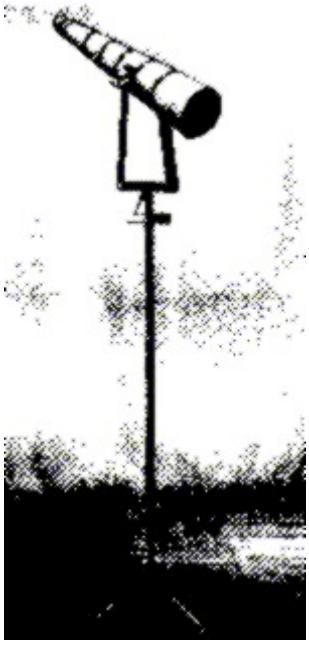
Their CSE field perception significantly increases when the top is spinning. This is easily perceived by the palm of the hand and it is due to the fact that the cavities must be numerically multiplying in space.

Flower CSE --- An "unnatural" position of such a seemingly common and pleasant object as a living flower can also change its properties. Place a bunch of several dozen bell-shaped flowers (like tulips, primroses, lilies or bell-flowers) upside down above the head of a sitting person. Enclose the flowers in a plastic bag in order to prevent the impact of their smell. Write to me about your results.

Wind-fallen trees: One of my test subjects, a geographer, told me about experiencing the effect of one of my "grids". He said that he once had a similar sensation many years ago, when he was passing a wind-fallen section of a forest. His head, ears, mouth and the entire body felt something particularly unpleasant and it had felt the same as what he felt under my grid. This means that the abruptly disrupted shape of the normal multi-cavity space of the forest emanated CSE waves for some time, which were unpleasant to humans.

Before the rain: Run cold water through the shower and slowly move your hand toward the stream of the droplets from the side. Most people feel "warmth" from the shower. In reality, this is the CSE reinforced by the motion of ever new elements of the "multi-layered" grid of water drops and gaps between them. After practicing in the bathroom, try to pick up an even stronger CSE from fountains and waterfalls. A shroud of a distant rainfall creates a powerful CSE field, which has its impact on a large area, even when the atmospheric pressure is high at your location. Have you ever felt sleepy before the rain? Even in enclosed premises? The CSE cannot be screened off.

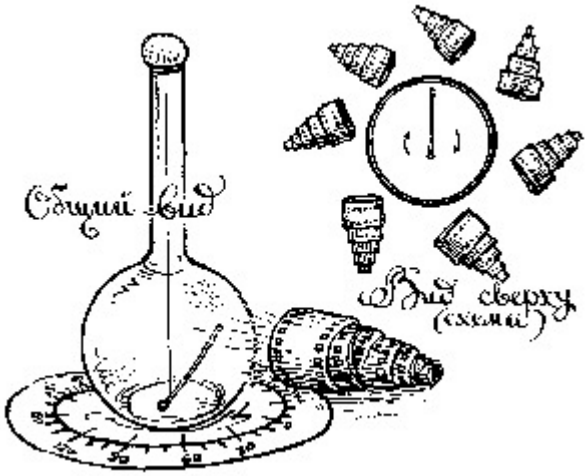
Book CSE --- Take a thick, preferably well-read book and stand it upright on the edge of a desk with its back facing the direction of the sun (north at night). Open the book and fluff up its pages as evenly as possible. You should be able to pick up some of the sensations mentioned in this chapter with your palm, tongue, or back of your head in a few minutes (the CSE does not appear immediately and it doesn't disappear immediately either). This "stream" can be picked up at a 2-3 meters' distance after some practice. It is also easy to verify that the "book CSE" is also non-screenable. You can ask someone to stand between your hand and the book.



Large Cones with an artificial comb filling and three magnets at the back --- Two similar cones were positioned against each other with respect to the sun, one in Isilkul and the other one near Novosibirsk. They were thrown apart and demolished on the morning of April 23, 1991. The one in Novosibirsk was unfolded and pressed into the wall of an underground hiding place and its magnets disappeared. Some residents of an Omsk apartment experienced a series of strangest "poltergeists" (see Vechernii Omsk from April 26. and Omsk and Moscow TV broadcasts) at the same moment. The same paper called the device in the picture "Grebenikov's hyperboloid on August 5, 1991. exactly because of this "coincidence". One of the "beams" of the upright electronic waves between the two conical structures may have actually been formed precisely there, on the river Irtysh embankment in Omsk.

Medium Cones --- Insert a dozen plastic household funnels tightly into each other and fix the structure on any support with the nozzles turned toward the sun. Cover the bell end of the top funnel with a net or light blue cloth (so that the tested subjects do not anticipate heat).

Small Cone --- Roll up tightly two unusable rolls of film. Tie them up with a string and press a bell-shaped cavity in the middle of the top roll. CSE emanations can be easily picked up by the palm of your hand, particularly in the counter-solar position. You will get interesting sensations if you press this "micro-cone" to your forehead.



Perpetual Motion Machine --- I had suspended this straw indicator designed for registering CSE emanations, on a cobweb thread. Then I surrounded my above described device with seven funnel-shaped rolls of film. As one straw is slowly leaving the zone of impact of one roll, it will enter the power field of another roll, then the third, and so on and the detector will keep spinning. This experiment works the best in a sound-proofed chamber, away from wires, pipes, sources of heat, cold and even bright light. There is no miracle in it: matter is eternal in its endless movement.

The Solar Ether and the Beam Radiator --- This intricate name was devised by the Leipzig professor Otto Kornschelt who discovered the CSE over 100 years ago and produced devices for its practical application in medicine, agriculture and technology. Rhythmic cavities were formed in them by copper chains. The devices were positioned with their backsides facing the sun. It is indeed true that new inventions are simply well forgotten old ones. The sensations described by Kornschelt are identical to the ones, which I have experienced in my own, independent work. I have learned about Korschelt's experiments only very recently, from M.

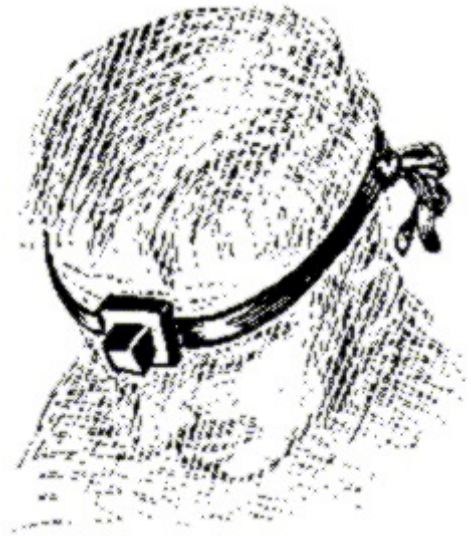
Platten's "*New Medical Technique*", vol. III, St. Petersburg, 1886, where the following drawing of the device is reproduced.

Sieve CSE **---** In the old days, headaches and concussion symptoms were treated with an ordinary flour sieve held above the head of the patient, net up, in several areas of the globe. The patient squeezed the sieve rim between the teeth, with the net in front of the face in an alternate method. The sieve material is unimportant. The device works better if the patient faces the sun (north at midnight). This type of CSE is also perceivable by healthy people.

Planetary CSE --- The planets of our Solar system are situated at certain distances from the sun. The Titus-Bode formula for the distance is this: 4 is added to the numbers 3, 6, 12, 36, etc (a geometrical progression) and the resulting number is divided by 10. The cause for this regularity is unknown. The empty spot in this progression (between Mars and Jupiter) is occupied by asteroids. The Kemerovo physicist V. Iu. Kaznev thinks that the regularity is determined by the CSE generated by the sun. He has proposed that the matter of planets was grouped in the areas of the sun's field force concentration.

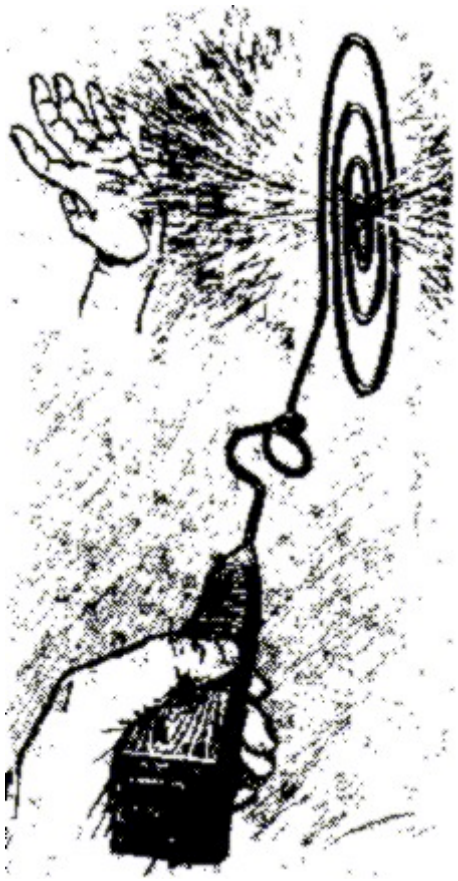
Everyday CSE --- Perceivable waves of matter are emanated by piles of pipes, some caves, underground tunnels and tree crowns. The shape of premises is also significant (round, angular, cupolaed). The wall and furniture material also emanates CSE of certain parameters.

Micro CSE --- The CSE effect may be manifested not just on galactic or household scales, but also in micro-world in substances whose molecules have cavities of certain shapes, for example in naphthalene. I had filled a one-liter jar with it, sealed it and suspended it from the ceiling. People felt a whole system of power field "clots" beneath the jar with their palms and even more so if the container was suspended above the head. Activated charcoal is also a multi-cavity structure. Hold 2-3 tablets of activated charcoal in your fingers as demonstrated in the picture and move your hands slightly up and down, or alternately part and join them for a few minutes. Write to me about the results.

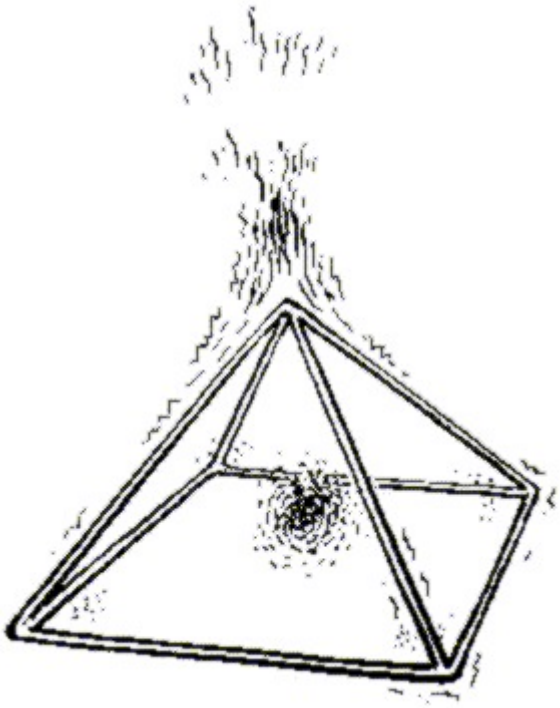


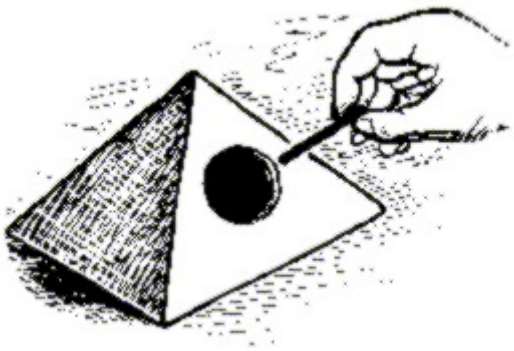
Tefilin --- I have isolated 4 CSE emitters beneficial to humans so far. Thery are bee honeycombs, a grid of joined hands (more about it in the next chapter), a sieve, an amulet otherwise known as tefelin. What is tefelin? It is an old Jewish device. It is a tightly sown leather cube attached to a leather platform with two bands. There are four tightly rolled and

bleached, soft kidskin strips of parchment with Talmudic inscriptions carved into the cube. A worshipper attached the device to his forehead, with the axes of parchment rolls perpendicular to the forehead and their outer ends facing East. It turns out that the inscriptions are irrelevant. What matters is the material and its shape and dimensions. When the device is made from different materials it causes only unpleasant sensations, while a leather tefelin produces a beneficial physiological effect. The microstructure of the material must have a part in the CSE quality as well, besides the shape and other such factors. nepriyatnye oschuscheniya; kozhanyj zhe tefilin

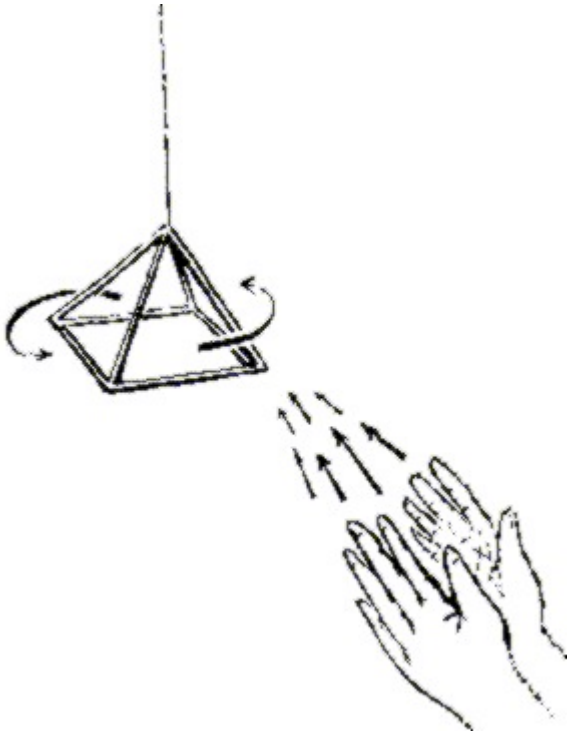


Scepter of Thoth --- The ancient Egyptian deity Thoth was a god of science, sorcery and an "accountant" of the soul's earthly deeds. This is the design of his staff. A 2- or 3mm thick copper wire is twisted at the end into the shape of a flat spiral, with 3-4 coils 10 cm in diameter. It has also 2 coils of transverse, 3-dimensional spiral, each 5 cm in diameter, closer to the handle. The wire is inserted into the 16 cm long, square-sectioned handle made from dense wood. The handle is 4 cm thick at base and 1.5 cm thick at its wire end. The entire staff with the wire coil is 41 cm long. The narrow end of the handle has 13 deep bellow shaped notches. The staff works even without the wire (albeit not as intensely). The wire is thin and could be of any material. But, it works the best when it is thickly insulated in two layers. This increases its effect. If you hold the staff as demonstrated in the picture, the total radiation emanating from the center of the large spiral, perpendicular to its surface, are very well-perceivable by the human palm on both sides of the spiral. I have never found out the purpose behind this ancient Egyptian tool and what use they may have had for this "double-beam" emanator.

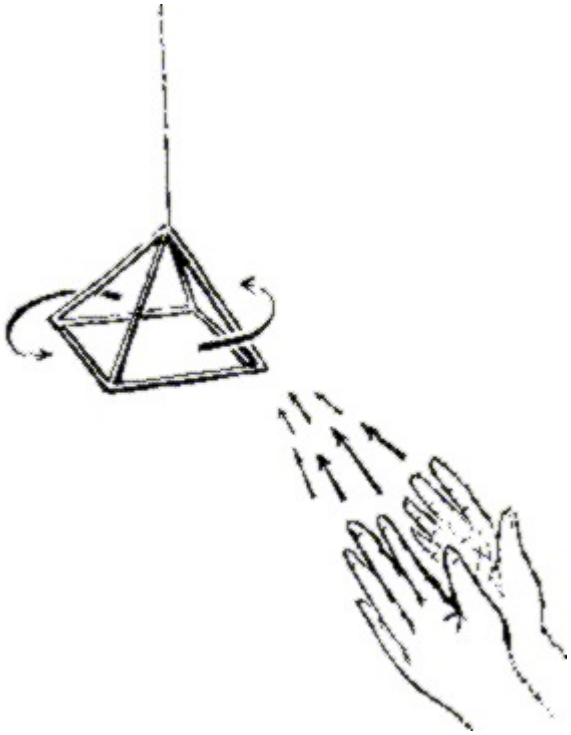




Cheops Pyramid --- Make a pyramid of 3-4 layers of thick, porous wrapping paper: 20x20 cm square base, ascending edges 19cm each. Glue it only at the edges, the tighter the better but, in a thin line. Cut out Make a 5-6 cm hole in the middle of one of the side faces. Hold a 10 cm long piece of drawing coal or a pencil in your fingers and insert this indicator into the hole, slanting its far end toward the bottom of the pyramid. "Stir" the space inside the pyramid with the indicator, take it out and repeat the procedure about 30 times. You will soon pick up an active zone, a "clot", where the Egyptians had their tombs. Another active zone (a flame) above the top of the pyramid is also well-perceived by the indicator if you drag its end over the top. The "clot" and the "flame" are well-felt by the finger inserted into he pyramid, or your palm moved above it after some practice. The pyramid effect, which generated many scary and mysterious stories over the centuries, is one of the CSE manifestations.

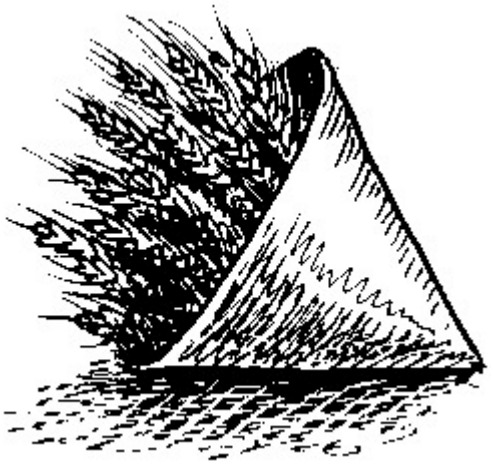


A Skeleton Pyramid --- Similar interesting qualities are displayed by pyramids of identical dimensions but only skeletal, without faces. Such a skeleton can be glued together from 8 smooth, firm straws. Here we get the effect of the total CSE of the straws with their complex capillary structure and the effect of the entire cavity. Such pyramids can also be made in other sizes with proportional increase in the length of the edges. Hold such a pyramid above your friend's head, first bottom down for about 5 min, then bottom up. Conduct additional experiments with insects (bumblebees, developing caterpillars, etc.), house plants and perishable foods, by placing the latter within the pyramid, above and underneath it (always checking your experiments by identical ones but without the CSE effect). You will see that ancient Egyptians had their reason to build pyramids.

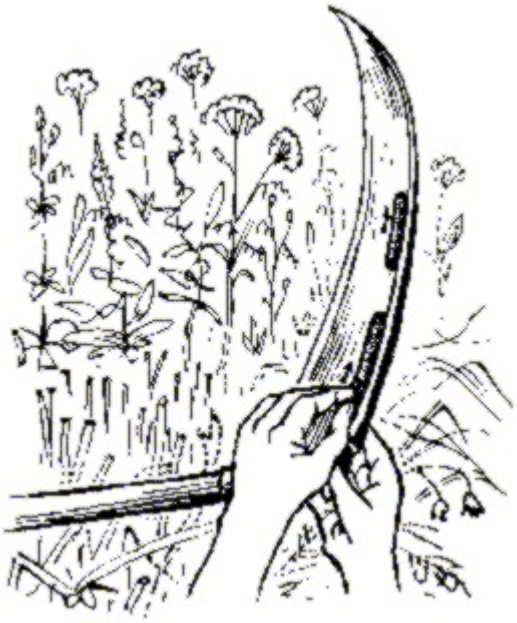


Telekinesis --- Is the name for a contactless movement of light objects performed by the so-called gifted, i. e. moving a match box on a table without touching it, or holding a tennis ball in the mid air. I submit that everyone has this capability. Suspend the described skeletal straw pyramid by its top from the ceiling by a thin, artificial thread, or even better yet by a long shred of elastic torn from a stocking. Choose a spot with the least convection (air circulation). Allow a few hours for the pyramid to stop rotating. Cup your hands into a tube (see picture) and point your hands from a 2-meter distance at the suspended pyramid (do not lose your "target"). The pyramid will eventually start rotating clockwise in a few minutes under the pressure of this beam of CSE energy. You can then stop its rotation by moving the "tube" of your hands to the right side of the skeleton and it will start rotating counter-clockwise. Conduct these experiments of various duration, after various time intervals and at various distances. You will see that telekinesis is no miracle, but only one of the manifestations of the will of matter, which is not available to only a chosen few but, to everyone. Your palm is also a multi-cavity structure, which clearly repels the pyramid indicator device described in this chapter.

You can practice using this skeletal pyramid and develop and significantly increase your "telekinetic" abilities with it.



Grain CSE --- Fasten a bunch of 30-40 ripe wheat ears with short stems inside a low cone of dark paper (see the picture). Hand-perceivable emanations from the ears repel the straw indicator of this device through any screens even harder than some honeycombs. This effect is produced by multiple wedge-shaped sinuses between ear scales, which are directed at an acute angle toward the bottom of the ear.



Haymaking with miracles --- I had been shown the following trick in my youth. A fragment of a cut stem, the length of a short pencil, was placed on the blade of a scythe next to its blunt edge. Another such stem fragment of the same length was placed on the blade in the same manner but at some distance and then it was pushed by hand toward the first one. When at about 8cm, the first stem begun to move away from the second stem along the edge. This experiment wasn't always successful, but it usually occurred immediately after cutting of large amount of grass from the same place. I forgot some elements or conditions of the experiment but, I think that the following factors were at work here. An abrupt change of the total CSE field on the "deformed" meadow (let us remember the tree windfall case), the grid of the harvester's fingers, the multi-cavity properties of the stem itself and perhaps its position

against the morning sun. Static electricity is excluded because everything at that hour is wet. [grass used to be mowed with the morning dew still on it].

Identified Flying Objects --- I was surprised a long time ago in a remote Caucasus village that people would walk about and through dense forests in the mountains at night, with lit cigarettes in their mouths and waving hands. The light from the buts would light up for a second, then disappear behind their bodies or trees flickering in the distance. It had turned out that these were actually local fireflies, *Luceola mingredica*. The light of these flies twinkles in this manner. Meanwhile, UFO reports and letters from my readers speak of dark flying saucers, which turn out to be either flocks of birds, or compact swarms of insects. I myself have seen not only "columns" of insects in Siberia but, also "balls" of them, 3 to 4 meters in diameter. In some cases they were some mosquito-like fliers, in others the winged ants of the Mirmica genus. Such swarm could be taken by an ignorant person for a huge, round plasmoid from afar.

A detailed description of the CSE effect may be found in my book "*The Mysteries of the World of Insects*" (Novosibirsk, 1990), in the journals *Sibirskii Vestnik Selskokhoziastvennoi Nauki*, no.3, 1984 and *Pchlovodstvo*, no. 12, 1984. The physical nature of CSE is described in "Non-Periodic Galloping Phenomena" in the *Environment*, vol. III (Tomsk, 1988). All in all, I have published over three dozens of articles on the CSE. As promised, I will describe the rest in my next book. I will call it as I called this chapter: "Flight."

S.D.K.

* The original text has been published in Russian by Ju. N. Cherednichenko of Russian Academy of Sciences. It has been translated by an undisclosed Russian emigrant on my and my friend's Marinus Berghuis (Ren) behalf for $600US. If there is anyone who would not mind to donate some cash against the sharing of the cost of this file, make the donation out and send it to J. Decker at Keelynet.

* I have edited the original translation as well as I was able to in order to dull its heavy Slavic accent. I am asking the English natives for merci for its ethnic grammar, which still remains in it. Mr. Juri N. Cherrednichenko has been so kind as to allow me to publish this translation for who ever's use and information for free.

* To view the original site with all the drawings and photos, please visit Mr. Cherednichenko's site with the original Russian text. I do not have enough space on this site to have it here all complete.

* I would like to point out that the text contains internal inconsistencies, particularly in the part which describes the flying. This may be due to author's intent, but it may also be due to the deteriorating health of the author at the time of the writing of this book.

4. November 2001

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